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## POETRY.

"DEO GRATIAS," . . . . .	450	"ALONG A SLOPE OF GRASS SHE	
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## "DEO GRATIAS."

APRIL, 1880.

VOTE out, from where the heather-blush  
 Purples the hills of Scottish song,  
 The sand-heaps raised of self and wrong,—  
 Vote out the policy of plush.

Vote in, with him who first upreared,  
 Over the wave of northern moss,  
 The banner of the Fiery Cross,—  
 Vote home the good ship, homeward steered.

Vote in the old, vote out the new ;  
 Bring back the calm and steadfast days,  
 When England's truth was England's praise,  
 Vote out the false, vote in the true.

Vote Honor to the front once more,  
 Whose drooping hands have veiled her face,  
 While every weak and savage race  
 The might of England overbore.

Vote out your London's outworn town,  
 That is the drag—that was the spur ;  
 The quaking aldermen in fur ;  
 Vote labor up, vote turtle down.

Vote out the parodies of men,  
 Hugging, in sight of want and rags,  
 Their stomachs and their money-bags ;  
 Vote out the fat-fed citizen.

Vote down the City's pampered crew,  
 Who for their villas vote at ten,  
 Then faggot-vote their tills again ;  
 Vote down the false, vote up the true !

Vote up the men whose life is work,  
 Whose honest labor makes the world ;  
 Vote down the fashions, crimped and curled,  
 And stand for Christian,—not for Turk.

Stand for the lesson taught of old,  
 That as the work the meed shall be ;  
 Give freedom to who would be free,  
 And in our boldness would be bold.

Vote out the slain and slaying cause ;  
 Perverted forms of party strife ;  
 Vote in the nobler wars of life,  
 For growing nations,—growing laws.

Praise God ! our England's motto still,  
 After this long, perplexing night,  
 Is, in her poet's second-sight,  
 "Broad-based upon the people's will."

Vote out the false, vote in the true !  
 For honor, honesty, and peace ;  
 The people's rest, the land's increase.  
 And so we thank Him, who foreknew.

Spectator.

H. M.

## AUTUMN SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM LUDWIG TIECK.

INTO the fields flew a little bird ;  
 In the joyous sunshine his song was heard ;  
 And wondrous sweet was the sound of his lay.  
 "Farewell, I am going !" it seemed to say,—  
 "Far, far away  
 Must I travel to-day."

To that sweet field-music I lent an ear ;  
 It made me sorry and glad to hear ;  
 With an aching joy, with a gladsome pain,  
 My heart rose lightly, then sank again.  
 "Say, heart, say, heart,  
 Art thou breaking for pleasure, or breaking  
 for pain ?"

The leaves around me fell sadly down,  
 Then I said, "Alas ! the autumn is nigh !  
 The summer swallow has homeward flown.  
 Perchance, thus love and longing fly,—  
 Far, far and swift,  
 With time they drift."

But the sunshine streamed around me anew ;  
 Back to me quickly the little bird flew,  
 And sang, as he saw my falling tears,—  
 "Love knows no winter in his years.

Nay, nay !  
 For love, there is no such thing ;  
 It is, and it must be always, spring !"  
 Spectator. L. T. M.

ALONG a slope of grass she came :  
 And as she walked, a virgin shame  
 Lit up her face's snow with flame.

Full slight and small she was, and bent  
 Her lithe neck shyly, as she went,  
 In some childlike bewilderment.

Gold was the color of her hair ;  
 The color of her eyes was vair ;  
 The sun shone on her everywhere.

O fair she was as hawthorn flowers !  
 It seemed the flush of the spring hours  
 Lay on her cheeks, and summer showers

Had bathed her in a sweet content,  
 A virginal faint ravishment  
 Of peace ; for with her came a scent

Of flowers plucked with a childish hand  
 In some forgotten fairyland,  
 Where all arow the sweet years stand.

And all the creatures of the wood  
 Crept from their leafy solitude,  
 And wondering around her stood.

The fawns came to her, unafraid,  
 And on her hand their muzzles laid :  
 And fluttering birds flew down and stayed.

JOHN PAYNE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
NOTES ON INFINITY.

WERE it not for the infinities by which he is surrounded, man might believe that all knowledge is within his power—at least, that every kind of knowledge is, to a greater or less degree, masterable. Men have analyzed, one by one, the mysteries which surround the very great and the very little. On the one hand they have penetrated farther and farther into the star-depths, and have brought from beyond the remotest range of the telescope information not only as to the existence, but as to the very constitution of the orbs which people space. We know the actual elements which build up worlds and suns on the outskirts of our present domain in space; and that domain is widening year by year, and century by century, as telescopes of greater power are constructed and greater skill acquired in their use. On the other hand, men have not only analyzed the minutest structure of organic matter, have not only dealt with the movements of molecules and even of atoms, but they have inquired into the motions taking place in a medium more ethereal than matter as commonly understood—a medium utterly beyond our powers of direct research, and whose characteristics are only indirectly inferred from the study of effects produced by its means. Such is the extreme present range of man's researches in the direction of the vast on the one hand and the minute on the other; and at first sight this range seems to include all that is or can be. For if the portions of the universe to which man cannot now penetrate, or may never be able to penetrate, resemble in the general characteristics of their structure and constitution the portions which he can examine, then, though he may examine but a part, he has in reality sampled the whole. And again, if the intimate structure of matter forming the visible universe, and the structure of that far subtler matter which forms the ether of space, represent the ultimate texture—so to speak—of the universe, then in the analysis of the minute also man has attained a similar success. We might thus recognize the possibility of

that which a French philosopher has called the "scientific apotheosis of man:" in this sense, that, so far as quality of knowledge is concerned (as distinct from range of knowledge), men may become as gods, knowing all things, and even in the fulness of time able to discern good from evil, distinguishing that real good which exists in what, with our present knowledge, seems like absolute evil.

But so soon as we consider the infinite, the absolute necessity, according to our conceptions, of infinity of space and time, if not of matter and of energy, we recognize not only that there is much to which our researches can never be extended, but that the knowledge which is unattainable infinitely transcends that which is attainable. Take, for instance, the infinity of space. If we could suppose that the extremest possible range of telescopic vision fell short to some degree only of the real limits of the universe, we might not unreasonably believe that the unattainable parts were not unlike the portions over which our survey extends. But when we consider what infinity of space really means, we are compelled to admit that the portion of the universe which we have examined, or can conceivably examine, is absolutely as nothing—a mere mathematical point—compared with the actual universe. This being so, it would be utterly unreasonable to suppose that what we know of the universe affords any measurable indication of the structure of the rest. The part we know being as nothing compared with the whole, to assume that the remainder resembles it, is as unreasonable as it would be for a man who had seen but a single thread of a piece of cloth to attempt to infer from it the pattern of the whole. If such a man assumed that the whole piece was of one color and made throughout of the same kind of thread, he would be much in the position of the man of science who should assume that the infinity of space surrounding the finite portion which we have examined, consists throughout of systems of suns—single, multiple, and clustered—attended by systems of planets.

So again of the infinity of time. We

know of certain processes which are taking place in that particular portion of time in which our lives are set, or over which our reasoning powers range; inferring from the present what has happened in the remote past or will happen in the distant future. We trace back our earth to its beginning "in tracts of fluent heat," or pass farther back to what Huxley has called the "nebulous cubhood" of the solar system, or even attempt to conceive how the system of multitudinous suns filling the depths of space may have been formed by processes of development. And looking forward to the future, we trace out the progress of processes arising from those earlier ones, recognizing apparently the ultimate surcease of every form of life, the life of all creatures living upon worlds, of worlds themselves, of solar systems, of systems of such systems, and of even higher orders of systems. If time were but finite, if we could conceive either a beginning or an end of absolute time, we might fairly enough suppose that processes such as these, and the subordinate processes associated with them, were the fulfilment of time. But time being infinite, of necessity we have no more reason for supposing that what we are thus cognizant of in our domain of time resembles what takes place in other portions of time, than a man who listened for a single second to a concerted piece of music would have for imagining that the notes he heard during that second were continued throughout the whole performance.

Combining the consideration of the infinity of space with that of the infinity of time, we have no better right to consider that we understand the operation of the mighty mechanism of the universe, than one who for less than a second should be shown the least conceivable portion of a mighty machine would have thereafter to assert that he understood its entire workings. The saying of Laplace (whom, however, Swedenborg anticipated) that "what we know is little, while the unknown is immense," may truly be changed into this, that the known is nothing, the unknown infinite; for whatever is finite, however great, bears to the infinite a ratio

infinitely small, or is to the finite as nothing. A million, equally with a single unit, is as nothing compared with a number infinitely large; a million years, equally with a single second, is as nothing compared with eternity. The whole of what modern astronomy calls the universe is, equally with the minutest atom, as nothing compared with infinite space. "System of nature!" exclaims Carlyle justly; "to the wisest man, wide as is his vision, nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion, and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square miles."

Let us consider, however, whether, after all, we must admit that space is infinite or time eternal. Remembering that space and time are forms of thought, and that the ideas of infinite space and infinite time are inconceivable, may it not be that, though we cannot escape the inconceivable by rejecting these infinities, we may nevertheless be able to substitute some other conditions less utterly oppressive than they are?

So far as time is concerned, no attempt has been made, so far as I know, in this direction. It does not seem easy to imagine how time can be regarded as other than infinite. We should have entirely to change our conception of time, for instance, before we could regard it as self-repeating. We can readily conceive the idea of a sequence of events being continually repeated, and thus assign a cyclical character to occupied time. But if we thus imagined that all the events now taking place had occurred many times before and will occur many times again, always in the same exact sequence, the cycles thus imagined would only be new and larger measures of absolute time. Though infinitely extended in duration, according to our conceptions, they could no more be regarded as bearing a measurable ratio to time itself than the seconds or minutes into which we divide the part of time in which we live bear a measurable ratio to the duration, past, present, and future, of the visible universe.

I am not, indeed, prepared to admit that a more successful effort has hitherto



been made, or can be made, to indicate the possibility that space may not be infinite. Some eminent masters of mathematical analysis, whose acumen and profundity are justly celebrated, have expressed their acceptance of certain views presently to be described, which suggest the possibility that space may be finite; but I find nothing either in their reasonings on this special subject, or in their writings generally, to suggest that they have the same mastery of geometrical as they have of analytical relations in mathematics. Nay, I venture to say that no competent geometrician who examines their reasoning can fail to recognize a confusion of thought, an indistinctness of mental vision, so soon as they pass from the verbal and mathematical *expression* of space relations, to the consideration of those relations themselves. Before considering the position they endeavor to maintain, let us briefly inquire into the general considerations which present themselves when we contemplate the relations of space as they appear to our conceptions.

It must be admitted at the outset (and no doubt in this we may recognize a reason for the diversity of view which appears to exist), that no theory of the finiteness of space can possibly be more utterly inconceivable than the idea of infinite space itself. And by inconceivable I do not mean merely that which is beyond our power of picturing mentally; for many things which not only exist, but can be measured and gauged, cannot possibly be pictured in our minds. No man, for instance, can form a clear mental picture of the dimensions of our earth, still less of Jupiter or of the sun; while the distances of the stars—distances which dwarf even the dimensions of the sun into insignificance—are, in the ordinary use of the words, absolutely inconceivable. Yet, though we cannot picture these dimensions, we find no difficulty in admitting their actual existence. They are merely multiples of dimensions with which we are already familiar. But absolute infinity of space is unlike aught that the mind of man has hitherto been able to conceive. Aristotle well indicated this

in his celebrated argument for the finiteness of the universe, that argument of which Sir J. Herschel truly said that, though *unanswerable*, it never yet convinced mortal man. The straight line joining any two points in space, *be they where they may*, is finite, because it has two definite terminations; therefore the universe itself is finite. Equally unanswerable, however, though also equally unsatisfactory, is the retort in favor of the infinity of space. The straight line joining any two points in space, *be they where they may*, can be produced to any distance in the same straight line,\* in either direction, and therefore no point on the produced line on either side can be regarded as its extremity; such lines being therefore infinite, the universe is infinite.

But it may be well to consider what we mean by a straight line—the absolute straight line of geometry. It is held by many mathematicians that our conceptions of points, lines, surfaces, figures, and so forth, in space are entirely derived from our experience of material points, lines, surfaces, figures, and so on. Assuming this to be so, what is the conception of straightness in a line joining two

\* It is singular that the elementary ideas of geometry are introduced at the very beginning of any inquiry into the subject of infinity of space. The three postulates of the geometry of the line and circle present to us: first, Aristotle's argument for a finite universe; secondly, the counter argument for infinity of space; and, thirdly, the thought of Augustine (commonly attributed to Pascal) that the universe has its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere. Let it be granted, says the first postulate, that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to any other point; the second says, let it be granted that any finite line may be produced to any distance in the same straight line; and the third, let it be granted that a circle may be described with any centre and at any distance from that centre. The first is Aristotle's statement; the second is the counter-statement; the third is equivalent to the assertion that every point in the whole of space may be taken as a centre, and that there are no limits whatever to the distance at which a circle may be described around any point as centre. In like manner with the definitions and axioms. The idea of infinity is implicitly involved, and all but explicitly indicated, in the definition of parallel straight lines; and before we can accept the doctrine of the possible existence of a fourth dimension in space, through which doctrine alone (so far as can be seen) the infinity of the universe can be questioned, we must reject the axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space; or rather the wider axiom which Euclid should have adopted (since he makes, in reality, repeated use of it), that two straight lines which coincide in two points coincide in all points.

points? It appears to me that when we trace back the conception to its origin, we find the idea of a straight line joining two points to be that of a line, such that, if one so placed the eye that the two points appeared to coincide, the line itself thus seen endwise would appear as a point. This, if not the only independent test that can be applied to any material line, in order to determine its straightness, is certainly the best. Stretching a fine thread is either not a perfect test or not an independent test. If the two points are on a flat surface we can stretch a string from one to the other, because the flat surface affords suitable resistance to the string's tendency to bend; but the flatness of the surface is a quality of precisely the same kind as the straightness of the line, and unless we are assured that the surface is flat we cannot be sure that the stretched string is not curved. Without a supporting surface we may be absolutely certain that the string is curved, however slightly; for the string, having weight, hangs (no matter how strongly it may be pulled) in the curve called the catenary, no force, however great, being able to pull any string, however short, into *absolute* straightness. An objection might be urged, in like manner, against the visual test; because air is a transparent medium, and no finite portion of air being ever of constant heat and density throughout, the rays of light must always be bent, however slightly, in traversing any portion of air, however minute — so that, in fact, we cannot look quite straight through even a stratum of air only a single inch in thickness. The visual test, however, is independent, and, imagining vision to take place through a vacuum, we can at least conceive this test being absolutely perfect. This idea, then, of a finite straight line may be regarded as that of a line which, looked at endwise, would appear as a point. And we may extend this conception to lines of indefinitely enormous length. Thus, suppose there are two stars optically close together, though really separated by many million times the distance which separates our sun from us, and that, owing to the motion of one or both, they draw optically nearer together until at length they appear as one, and this by so perfect an accordance of direction that, if telescopic power could be enormously increased, the centres of their two discs would be optically coincident. Then a straight line joining these two centres would be one which, if it were a material line visible through the

substance of the nearer star, would be optically reduced to a point — *supposing for the sake of argument that the two stars, after being carried by their proper motions into the required positions, were reduced to rest.*

The italicized words may seem unnecessary, but in point of fact they are only a part of what is necessary; by themselves they are absolutely insufficient. If a telescopist living for a few odd millions of years could from a fixed standpoint watch two stars gradually approaching by their proper motion until they apparently coincided, one lying at an enormous distance beyond the other, and at that very instant those swiftly moving stars were brought to rest, they would not really be in a straight line with the observer's eye. For he would see the nearer in the direction it had many years ago, when its light began the journey towards him; while he would see the farther in the direction which it had at a much more remote epoch. And it would be these two positions, which the two stars occupied, not at the same time, but at times widely remote, which would be in a right line with the observer's eye. If two stars really *were* brought by their proper motions into a straight line with the eye of an observer at a remote station, they would not seem to be coincident, and if they were then suddenly reduced to rest the observer would see them still apparently in motion, drawing nearer and nearer together until they apparently coincided.

We see, then, that this optical test of the straightness of the line joining two points requires that the points should be at rest.

I may here digress for a few moments to notice one very singular consequence of the effect of motion just mentioned. Conceive the production of a straight line joining two points to be effected under the visual test, the eye itself being the tracing point. The eye is first placed so that the nearer point (close to the eye) is coincident apparently with the more remote, and then the eye recedes with infinite velocity, or at least with a velocity exceeding many million times the velocity of light. Then it would seem at first as though the eye must of necessity travel in a straight line; but in reality this would only be the case if the two points were either absolutely or relatively at rest. If *not*, then, paradoxical though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the eye would have to travel in a series of whorls form-

ing a mighty spiral, the path of the eye at a very great distance from the two points being almost at right angles to a really straight line joining the eye and the centre of gravity of the moving points (around which they would make their revolutions).

The relation here considered is rather a singular one in itself (apart, I mean, from all question of infinity). It may be illustrated by a phenomenon which occurred in December 1874, and will occur again in December 1882—a transit of Venus. Suppose we see the disc of Venus at any instant projected as a round black spot on the very centre of the sun's face. Then one would say at a first view that at that moment the eye and the centres of the sun and Venus were in a straight line. But this would not be exactly the case. For we see the sun at any moment, not in his real direction, but in that towards which he lay some nine minutes before, light having taken that time in travelling to us from him; and we see Venus at any moment, not in her real direction, but in that towards which she lay when the sun's light passed *her*. As her distance from us varies widely, so the displacement due to the journey light has to take from her to reach us varies widely in relative amount, though, being always small, ordinary observation perceives no remarkable irregularity in her motions.\* When she is between the earth and sun, light takes about two and a quarter minutes in reaching us from Venus; and therefore we see her where she was two and a quarter minutes before. All that we can say, then, from the observed fact that Venus

\* If light did not travel with a velocity enormously exceeding that of the planets in their orbits, they would seem to move very irregularly (at least, until the cause of the irregularity had been discovered); we should sometimes see Mars, for example, where he was a month or so before, sometimes where he was a year or so before—*i.e.*, sometimes twenty or thirty millions of miles, sometimes two or three hundred millions of miles, from his true place. As it is, light crosses the greatest distance separating us from Mars in about twenty minutes, and the least in about four minutes, so that the irregularity in his apparent motions never amounts to more than the distance he traverses in about sixteen minutes, or a little more than fourteen thousand miles. If light travelled at the same rate as sound, it would have been absolutely impossible for men to interpret the apparent planetary motions, and the most erroneous ideas would inevitably have prevailed respecting the real motions. Even if the velocity of light had amounted to twenty or thirty miles per second, instead of its real value—about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second—the true theory of the planetary movements would have seemed absolutely inconsistent with what the eyes would have seen. Even as it is, astronomy is directly opposed to the doctrine that seeing is believing. We see every celestial body, not where it is, but where it was. It is hardly necessary to remark that astronomy, in predicting the motions of the celestial bodies, as well as the occurrence of eclipses, transits, occultations, and so on, takes this circumstance fully into account.

is seen at any moment, apparently at the very centre of the sun's disc, is that a straight line from the eye to the place Venus occupied two and a quarter minutes before is in the same direction as a straight line from the eye to the sun eight minutes before the moment of the observation. But the earth is at the moment itself on the axis of Venus's shadow cone. This axis, then, cannot be a straight line. Similar reasoning applies to all the planets, including the earth. They do not throw straight shadows into space. This is the point to which I have wished to lead the reader's attention. The axis of a planet's shadow is the path which would be pursued by the eye in the case before considered, if the planet were taken for the nearer and the sun for the more remote of the two objects; and instead of this axis of the shadow lying, as one would expect, upon straight lines extending radially from the sun, it is curved with a constantly increasing deflection, until in depths very remote from the sun it actually sweeps out figures shaped almost like circles! The shadow travels radially just as the light from the sun does, simply because it lies between regions of light both receding radially from the sun. Hence the place reached by the shadow which *had* been just behind a planet in one part of its course will lie in the same direction from the sun, only at a much greater distance, when the planet has performed any part of its circuit or any number of circuits. This being true for every position of the planet, it follows readily that when we connect together the various positions reached by the outward-travelling shadow, at any moment, they form a mighty shadow spiral extending in a series of whorls infinitely into space, or at least to a distance corresponding to that which light has traversed since first the planet became an opaque body, or the sun began to pour light upon the planet (whichever of these two events was the later)—in other words, *since first the planet cast a shadow*.

It is strange to reflect that this mighty shadow whorl is even now conveying into depths of space, so remote that to our conceptions their distance is infinite, a material record of the actual beginning of our earth's existence as a shadow-throwing body. All the other planets of our own system, and whatever worlds there are circling around the multitudinous suns peopling space, have in like manner their vast whirling shadows, various in shape according to the varying motions of

the planets, and greater or less in their extension according to the greater or less duration of planetary life. These mighty interlacing shadows are all the time in motion with a velocity altogether beyond our conceptions, yet so minute, compared with the dimensions of the shadow, that hundreds of years produce no appreciable change in the *shape* of the remoter whorls. It will be understood, of course, that the shadows are not such shadows as human vision could perceive. Neither light-waves nor the absence of light-waves in the ether of space could be recognized as we recognize light and darkness. Only when some opaque object is placed in any region of space can ordinary vision determine whether light is passing there or not. Moreover, the shadows I have been speaking of are not black shadows even in this sense. They are only regions of space where the light which would else have arrived from the sun has been to some finite, but very small, degree reduced through the interposition of a planet. Yet it is easy to conceive that beings living in the universe of ether, as we live in our universe of matter, might clearly perceive these shadows — these regions where the ether is less or more disturbed by the undulations forming what we call light; and if we adopt the thought of Leibnitz, that the universe is the sensorium of God, then these mighty interlacing shadows swiftly rushing through his omnipresent brain convey to his mind such evidence as their shape and nature can afford respecting the past history of the worlds peopling space. Here, also, let this strange point be noted. If a being thus sentient, through and by all space conceived the idea of straight lines after the manner described above, regarding, to wit, the prolongation of the line joining two points as that line in space from every point of which *at the moment* the two points would seem as one, then in his mind straight lines would correspond with the shadow axes just dealt with, and would only be really straight if the two points were at rest. To his conceptions, then — always on the assumption I have just made — the straight line joining the sun and earth would, if produced far enough, become almost circular, and form an endless spiral. Still referring to his conceptions of such a line, not to the real shadows before dealt with, it would not matter whether the line joining the earth and sun were produced beyond the earth or beyond the sun; in either case it would extend

outwards into space in an infinite series of whorls. Thus two mighty series of interlacing whorls\* would be mistakenly conceived of as a straight line.

It is something like this error which the advocates of the new ideas concerning space suggest as possibly affecting the ordinary geometrical conceptions respecting straight lines, and so falsifying all our ideas respecting the universe. Conceive, they say, the primary geometrical ideas of creatures living in a world of one dimension. They would know nothing of breadth or thickness, but of linear extension only. And we can readily imagine that such creatures might conceive their world infinite in extension; because all lines in it must be supposed capable of being indefinitely produced, still remaining in it. Yet in reality the universe in which such creatures existed might be finite even as respects its single dimension; for the line in which these imaginary creatures lived might be curved and, returning into itself, be limited in actual length. Thus, while a line could be infinitely produced in this singly dimensioned world, the world itself in which such infinite extension of lines could be effected would be finite. Conceive, again, the case of a world of two dimensions only — length and breadth without thickness. The creatures in this world would be mere surfaces, and their ideas would necessarily be limited to surfaces. All those portions of our geometry which relate to plane figures and plane curves would lie within their grasp, while not only would they be unable to deal with questions relating to solids or curved surfaces, or curved lines not lying in one plane, but the very idea of a third dimension would be utterly inconceivable by them. Now, while these creatures might have, as we have, the conception of straight lines, and might postulate, as we do, that such lines when finite may be indefinitely produced, so that they would have ideas like ours respecting infinite extension in length and breadth, it might very well be that the surface in which they lived, being curved and re-entering into itself, would no more be infinite than the surface of a globe or an egg. Moreover, and this is a point very specially insisted upon by those whose reasoning I am reproducing,

\* The student of geometry will not need to be told that a spiral formed in this manner is what is called the spiral of Archimedes, and that for completeness it requires the second infinite series, travelling the other way round, but in other respects precisely like the first series, whorl for whorl. Each whorl of one series cuts each whorl of the other once and once only.

it might well be that different portions of the curved surface in which they resided might be differently curved (as the end of an egg is differently curved from the middle parts), and geometrical relations derived from the experience of creatures living in one portion of this curved surface might not by any means correspond with those which they would have deduced had their lot been cast in another portion of the same surface. For instance, in the case of two triangles belonging to one portion of the surface, two sides enclosing an angle of one might be severally equal to two sides enclosing an angle of the other, and the perfect equality of the two triangles might be tested by superposition in our region of this surface world; but a triangle having two sides and the enclosed angle respectively equal to those of another in a different part of that world might not admit of being superposed on this last. This can easily be shown by drawing two triangles, one on the end of an egg and the other on the middle of the egg, each triangle having two sides of given length and at a given inclination: it will be found that if the corresponding pieces of shell are cut out they cannot be exactly superposed. Not only is this so, but if two triangles, each having two sides of given length and at a given inclination, be drawn in different positions on the middle of the egg, they cannot be superposed, simply because at that part of the egg the curvatures in different directions are different. A line drawn lengthwise with respect to the egg belongs to a larger curve than a line drawn square to it. On the contrary, at the two ends of the egg, and there alone, the curvatures in all directions are alike, and therefore at either of these spots triangles of the kind described could be superposed, but not elsewhere. Thus the geometry of one part of such a surface differs essentially from the geometry of other parts; and creatures living on a portion of a surface of that kind would be altogether mistaken in supposing that throughout their world the same geometrical laws held which experience derived from their own region of that world seemed to suggest.

The application of all this is obvious. We live in a world of three dimensions, and cannot conceive the existence of a fourth dimension. Length, breadth, and thickness seem, of necessity, to be the only possible measures of space. But as creatures living in a world of one dimension would be mistaken in assuming, as

they unquestionably would, that there could be no other dimension — as, again, creatures living in a world of two dimensions would be mistaken in assuming that a third dimension was impossible — so may we be mistaken in assuming that there can be no other dimension than length, breadth, and thickness. Hence those who adopt the reasoning I have described believe in the possible existence of a fourth dimension in space. Nor can any reason be perceived why a fifth or sixth dimension, or an infinite number of dimensions, may not be regarded as possible, if the reasoning be only admitted on which has been based the possibility of a fourth dimension.

Again, as creatures living in a world of one dimension or of two dimensions might mistakenly imagine their world infinite in extension in its single dimension or in its two dimensions — whereas in one case it might be any closed curve, and in the other any continuous curved surface — so may we also be mistaken in supposing our world infinite in extension throughout its three dimensions. It may in some way (which we can no more conceive than creatures possessed with the idea that they lived in a world of two dimensions could conceive the idea of the curvature of their world, which, of course, involves really a third dimension) possess a kind of curvature which makes it a world of four dimensions (or more), and may be no more infinite than the circuit of a ring on the surface of a globe is infinite.

Yet again, the geometry of creatures living on a curved line or on a curved surface, but who supposed they lived on a straight line or a plane surface, would *pro tanto* be inexact. For instance, creatures living on the surface of a sphere enormously large compared with their own dimensions, would readily deduce the relation that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, for their plane geometry would be as ours; yet this relation would not be strictly true for their world, the three angles of a triangle described on a spherical surface being constantly in excess of two right angles. In like manner the relations of our geometry, linear, plane, and solid, may be inexact. The lines we consider straight lines may in reality be curved. Our parallel lines may in reality, if only produced far enough, meet on both sides, just as two parallel lines marked on a sphere meet necessarily if produced, and in fact enclose a space. Or, instead of



that, a contrary relation may hold, and whereas, according to our present geometry, a straight line through a given point must occupy a certain definite position if it is not to meet another straight line (in the same plane), however far it may be produced, it *may* be that in reality the former line might be swung round through some finite, though small, angle, and in every one of the positions it thus assumed possess the property of parallelism, never meeting the other line, however far both might be produced.\*

Thus, by conceiving the possibility of a fourth dimension in space, we find ourselves freed from the difficulties which our present geometrical conceptions force upon us. The universe need no longer be regarded as infinite. The straight lines which had been so troublesome are no longer troublesome, because they are no longer straight, but share the curvature of space. We may produce them as much as we please, but they all come round to the same point again. This at least will

happen "on the supposition that the curvature of all space is nearly uniform and positive" (that is, of the same nature as the curvature of a nearly globe-shaped surface considered with reference to the portion of space enclosed within it; for, considered with reference to "all outside," the curvature of a globe is negative). Professor Clifford thus sums up the benefits arising from these new ideas on the supposition just mentioned:—

In this case, the universe, as known, is again a valid conception, for the extent of space is a finite number of cubic miles. And this comes about in a curious way. If you were to start in any direction whatever, and move in that direction in a perfectly straight line, according to the definition of Leibnitz, after travelling a most prodigious distance, to which "the distance of the nearest star" "would be only a few steps, you would arrive at—this place. Only, if you had started upwards, you would appear from below. Now, one of two things would be true. Either, when you had got half-way on your journey, you came to a place which is opposite to this, and which you must have gone through, whatever direction you started in [just as, in whatever direction an insect might travel from any point on a sphere, he would pass through the point opposite from his starting-place, and that when he was half-way round]; or else all paths you could have taken diverge entirely from each other till they meet again at this place [just as the various paths by which an insect might proceed from any point on an anchor ring, moving always directly forwards, would all bring him back to his starting-place, but would have no other point in common]. In the former case, every two straight lines in a plane meet in two points; in the latter, they meet only in one. Upon this supposition of a positive curvature, the whole of geometry is far more complete and interesting; the principle of duality, instead of half breaking down over metric relations, applies to all propositions without exception. In fact, I do not mind confessing that I personally have often found relief from the dreary infinities of homaloidal space [that is, space where straight lines are straight, and planes plane; from the Greek *ὁμαλός*, level] in the consoling hope that, after all, this other may be the true state of things.

Now, with all respect for the distinguished mathematicians who have adopted the method of reasoning which I have

\* This is no mere *reductio ad absurdum*. Lobatchowsky, who has been compared by a skilful student of the new ideas with Copernicus, has framed a system of geometry on this very assumption. Before quoting Professor Clifford's account of Lobatchowsky's work in this direction, I venture to quote Clifford's remarks on the general question, in order that the reader may not imagine that what I have said above respecting the new geometry is drawn from my own imagination only. I remind the reader that Professor Clifford was a skilful analytical mathematician, and that he was professedly expounding the ideas of Helmholtz, Riemann, Lobatchowsky, and others of admitted skill in mathematics. "The geometer of to-day," says Clifford, "knows nothing about the nature of actually existing space at an infinite distance; he knows nothing about the properties of this present space in a past or a future eternity." He knows, indeed, that the laws assumed by Euclid are true with an accuracy that no direct experiment can approach, not only in this place where we are, but in places at a distance from us that no astronomer has conceived; but he knows this as of Here and Now; beyond his range is a There and Then of which he knows nothing at present, but may ultimately come to know more. So there is a real parallel between the work of Copernicus and his successors on the one hand, and the work of Lobatchowsky and his successors on the other. In both of these the knowledge of immensity and eternity is replaced by knowledge of Here and Now. *And in virtue of these two revelations* [the italics are mine] "*the idea of the Universe, the Macrocosm, the All, as subject of human knowledge, and therefore of human interest, has fallen to pieces.*" Now, the work of Lobatchowsky is thus described by Clifford: "He admitted that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, or that two lines which once diverge go on diverging forever. But he left out the postulate about parallels," (viz. that there is one position, and one only, in which a straight line drawn through a point is parallel to a given straight line). "Lobatchowsky supposed instead that there was a finite angle through which the second line must be turned after the point of intersection had disappeared at one end before it reappeared at the other." This angle depends on the distance of the point from the line in such sort that the three angles of a triangle shall always be less than two right angles by a quantity proportional to the area of the triangle. "The whole of this geometry," proceeds Clifford, "is worked out in the style of Euclid, and the most interesting conclusions are arrived at."

\* I have here departed from the text, but, that I may not be suspected of vitiating the passage, I quote Clifford's exact words: "a most prodigious distance," he says, "to which the parallactic unit—two hundred thousand times the diameter of the earth's orbit—would be only a few steps." I must confess I cannot see the advantage of inventing a word, and giving a roundabout explanation of it, when the thing really signified is extremely simple. Science does not require to be thus fenced round from ordinary apprehension by sesquipedalian verbal stakes.



briefly sketched, and which Professor Clifford thus eloquently sums up, I submit that the whole train of reasoning is geometrically objectionable, and that the very words in which those who adopt it are compelled to clothe their arguments and to express their conclusions should suffice to show this. To begin with, although it is unquestionably true that our ideas respecting the geometrical point, line, plane, circle, and so forth, are originally derived from experience, they in truth transcend experience. Thus, as the ancient geometers are said to have drawn figures on sand to illustrate their reasoning, and these figures were necessarily altogether imperfect representations of the figures as geometrically defined, we can imagine a gradually increasing accuracy in draughtsmanship, until at length only such lines as Rutherford has been able to draw on glass—ten thousand, if I remember rightly, to the inch—might be used, or even lines very much finer. Yet the lines so drawn only differ in degree, so far as their departure from geometrical perfection is concerned, from the lines drawn on sand. We can imagine a continual increase of fineness until at length the errors from exactness would be less than those ethereally occupied spaces between the ultimate atoms of bodies which lie beyond the range of our microscopes. We might conceive a yet further increase of fineness, until irregularities in the actual constitution of the ether itself took the place of the gross irregularities of the lines once drawn on the sand. Or such irregularities might in turn be conceived to be reduced to their million millionth parts. Yet we are still as remote as ever from the geometrical line, simply because that is a conception suggested by ordinary lines, not a reality which can under any circumstances actually exist. And so of the straightness of lines, the planity of surfaces, and other like geometrical conceptions: they are transcendentalisms suggested only by experience, not in reality comparable with them any more than infinity of space is comparable with mere immensity. To say, therefore, that geometrical lines, surfaces, and so forth, may be imperfect because space itself may be discontinuous, is to assert of them that possibly they may not be geometrical lines, but only exceedingly delicate lines of the ordinary kind. To say again that geometrically straight lines may have their straightness vitiated by the curvature of space, is to say that they are not

geometrically straight lines, but curved. I was about to say that it is as inconceivable that a straight line can, when produced far enough, return into itself, as to say that two things of any kind being added to two other things of the same kind make three or five things of that kind, and not four; but I remember that, among other objections to the validity of our primary conceptions, one has been urged against the mistaken notion that *ex necessitate* two and make two four. There may be regions of space or portions of eternity where, when two things were added to two, the sum is greater or less than four, and where in general our fundamental ideas about number may be altogether incorrect; and in those or other regions or times straight lines may be curved, and level surfaces uneven. Space also may there and then be discontinuous, the interstices being neither void nor occupied space; and time may proceed discontinuously, being interrupted by intervals which are neither void nor occupied time. It can only be in those regions of space and in those portions of eternity that beings exist who can conceive the possibility of the creatures spoken of by Helmholtz, Clifford, and others, as having only length without breadth or thickness, or only length and breadth without thickness. *Here and now* I apprehend that, though we may speak of such creatures, we cannot possibly conceive of them as actually existent.

We might on this account, indeed, dismiss the one-dimensional and two-dimensional creatures and their mistaken notions, which cannot possibly affect ourselves who are unable to conceive either them or their notions. But we may admit for the sake of argument the possible existence and the possible mistakes of such creatures, and yet find no reason whatever to admit the possibility of a fourth dimension in space. Take the creatures living in a surface. So long as the experience of such creatures was not opposed to the requirements of plane geometry, their conceptions and their experience would alike conform to the relations of *our* plane geometry. But if, after gradually widening their experience, they discovered that these relations were not strictly fulfilled—that, for instance, the three angles of a triangle were appreciably greater than two right angles when the triangle was very large—the existence of a third dimension would present itself to their conceptions, simply because it had in effect, as their geome-

tricians would explain, become sensible to their experience. Its possibility would never have been beyond their power of conception, and it is not at all clear that such creatures, even without the lessons of actual experience, might not conceive the possible existence of matter on one side or the other of the surface in which they lived. In fact, it is not easy to see what should prevent them. Moreover, when they had made the discovery of a third dimension in their own world, by finding in fact that the surface in which they lived was not plane, they would be unable to "find relief from the dreary infinities of homaloidal space in the consoling hope" that their world, being curved, might therefore contain a finite number of square miles. They would simply have found that what had seemed the universe to them was in point of fact not the universe; that the infinities of length and breadth which they had imagined as existing in their world lay really outside of it, in company with another infinity of which they had before (on Helmholtz's assumption as to their mental condition) formed no conception. If we are really to admit with Helmholtz and Clifford the possible existence of creatures of one dimension or of two dimensions, and also to accept as certain the theory of these mathematicians that creatures of this kind could form no conception of dimensions other than those of their own persons, then we must accept all the consequences of these (unfortunately inconceivable) conceptions. Not only must we assert with Helmholtz and Clifford that these creatures would have been mistaken at first in supposing their world necessarily infinite in the dimensions it possessed, but we must admit that they would have been mistaken later in supposing that the finiteness of their worlds was any proof of the finiteness of length and breadth. They would quite erroneously have come to the conclusion that they had mastered their old difficulties about infinite extension in these dimensions. The consoling hope which would buoy them up after their discovery would be an entirely deceptive one. Their world would be simply a spherical, spheroidal, or otherwise-shaped surface in space, surrounded on all sides by infinities, not only of length and breadth, but of depth also. Their second mistake would, in fine, be as preposterous as would have been the theory, could sane geographers ever have entertained it, that when our own earth had been shown to be a globe,

the plane of the horizon had been proved not to be infinite, but to contain a finite number of square miles. If we must accept so much of the argument advanced by Helmholtz and supported by Clifford, the true analogue of the reasoning of the bi-dimensionists, on the part of us who are tri-dimensionists, would be *this* — that we may one day discover the part of the universe we inhabit to be finite, the length and breadth and depth of our universe lying within the real infinities of length and breadth and depth, while to these infinities a fourth infinity, of a kind which we are at present unable to conceive, would by that discovery have been added to those which we already find sufficiently overwhelming. Thus the "consoling hope" of Professor Clifford, rightly apprehended, is in reality but a fresh cause of despair.

In fact, it is easy to perceive on *a priori* grounds that this must be the case. For if we imagine a linear creature of advanced ideas arguing with his less thoughtful fellow-lines as to the existence of breadth as well as length, we see that his argument would run somewhat on this wise: "You imagine mistakenly, my linear friends, that *all* points lie in our line; but there may be, and I believe for my own part there are, points not in our line at all." He would not say, "on one side of it or on the other," simply because the conception of sides to their linear universe could not have been formed by his hearers. So with the planar folk. An advanced surface would reason that all lines and points were not necessarily in their world, but might be above or below their level. This idea, of points outside the linear world in one case, or of points and lines outside the surface world in the other, would be an absolutely essential preliminary to any argument in favor of the possible curvature of a world of either kind, and therefore of the possible finiteness of either world. We can only make the analogy complete by reasoning that possibly there may be points outside what we call space, thence prove the possible curvature of space, and so infer the finiteness of space. But the possible finiteness of space established by the assumption that there may be points outside of it, is not consoling to those who find the infinities of homaloidal space dreary; and the fourth dimension called upon to relieve us from the dreary infinities of length, breadth, and depth, would only introduce a more awful infinity, just as surface infinity is infinitely

vaster than linear infinity, and infinity of volume infinitely vaster than infinity of surface. Fortunately, length, breadth, and depth are the only conceivable infinities of space. The fearful quadri-dimensional infinity is as one of the spirits from the vasty deep over which Glendower boasted that he possessed controlling power. We may *speak* of infinities thus unknown, but, so far as conceiving them is concerned, "they will not come when we do call for them."

I have said that the very words in which the advocates of the new ideas respecting space are compelled, not only to clothe their arguments, but to express their ideas, suffice to show that those ideas are geometrically objectionable; and so far as their arguments are concerned, I think I have proved this. As for their conclusion, it seems only necessary to point out, that to say the extent of space is a finite number of cubic miles, is in reality equivalent to saying that it has a limiting surface: now, the mind is unable to conceive a surface which has not space on both sides of it. Thus there must, according to our conceptions, be space outside the surface supposed to include all space—which is absurd. I may add, though the argument is complete already, that whether a straight line as defined by Leibnitz can or cannot, when produced sufficiently far, return to the point from which it started, it is certain that the straight line as defined by Euclid cannot do so, nor can the straight line as conceived by Newton, or probably by any mathematician of geometrical tendencies. For Euclid defines a straight line as lying evenly between its extreme points; and a straight line which extends from one point and after an enormous journey returns, no matter by what course, to a point close by its starting-point (not to carry it on to the starting-point itself) cannot possibly be regarded as lying evenly between the starting-point and the point close by, which points are its extremities. And Newton, as we know, regarded a straight line as produced by the continuous motion of a point tending continually in one unchanged direction; whereas a point which, after—no matter how long after—leaving a fixed point, is found travelling towards that point, can certainly not be regarded as travelling in the same direction all the time, but, on the contrary, its course must in the interim have changed through four right angles.

But after all, the infinities which sur-

round us—not only the infinities of time and space, but the infinities also of matter, of energy, and of vitality, the infinity of the minute as well as the infinity of the vast—though inexpressibly awful, are not in truth "dreary." It is, in fact, in such infinities alone that we find an answer to the misgivings that arise continually within us as our knowledge widens. Were the universe finite in extent or in duration, the discoveries by which science is continually widening her domain in space and time would perplex us even more than they do at present. We should have to believe in the constant enormous expenditure of forms of force which there is no replacing, and whose transmutation to other forms implies a real waste of energy, if only the total supply of force is finite. As the action of processes of evolution is more clearly recognized, and seen to extend over longer and longer periods of time, we should seem to be continually tending towards the belief that from the very beginning there has been *only* evolution. If time were regarded as finite, then the vast range of time over which the vision of science extends would seem dreary indeed, because, so far as the eye of science extends, no direct evidence of a first cause could be perceived. So also of the minute. If men could really penetrate to the ultimate constitution of matter—if they could perceive the operations of nature within the corpuscles—we should find no means of conceiving how possibly the seemingly wasted energies of the perceptible universe may have their use in processes affecting matter beyond our powers of perception. And it is only by imagining some such employment of the apparently lost energies of our universe that we can be led to the belief that our universe in turn receives constant supplies of energy from processes lost to our perceptions because of their vastness, as the processes taking place within the ether are lost to us because of their minuteness. Lastly, were it not for the infinities which are beyond our powers of conception, as well as of perception, we should be logically forced, as it seems to me, into direct antagonism to the doctrine of a being working in and through all things and during all time. For, step by step, knowledge has passed onwards from the development of leaf and limb to the development of plant and animals, thence to the development of races and species, of flora and fauna, onwards still to the development of the earth and her fellow-

worlds, the development of solar systems; and science bides her time to recognize the laws of development according to which systems of solar systems, and even systems of higher orders, have come into existence. In like manner, science has learned to look beyond the death of individuals and races, to contemplate the death of worlds, and systems of worlds, and systems of systems, to the death eventually of all, and more than all, the known portions of the universe. Had we to do with the finite only, in time and space, and in all that time and space contain, we might well shudder at the dreary wastes thus presented to us—space, time, matter, power, and vitality, all ultimately the spoil of death. Even if we could recognize a supreme being existing amid these desolations, we could not reverence mere immensity of extent and duration without control over the progress of events and without purpose which could be conceived. But seeing that it is not immensity, but infinity, we have to deal with, and perceiving that our knowledge, no matter how widely it may extend its domain, still has in reality but an evanescent range—for the immense is nothing in presence of the infinite—we are no longer forced to this “abomination of desolation.” Being able to grasp the finite only, whereas the universe is infinite, reason compels us to admit that we can know absolutely nothing of the scheme of the universe. It must ever remain as unfathomable as the infinite depths of space, as immeasurable as the infinite domain of time. We may reject this theory or that theory of supervision or control, or plan or purpose, or whatsoever name we choose to give to the unknowable relations between all things and their God. When men assure us that God wills this, or designs that, or will bring about somewhat else, and still more when men pretend to tell us the nature or ways of God, we may, from the teachings of nature, be able utterly to reject the doctrines thus propounded. But we cannot go further, and reject the general doctrine with which these special doctrines have been associated. We can say truly that the idea of a personal God, whatsoever attributes may be assigned to such a being, is not only unintelligible, but utterly unimaginable; and that those who tell us that they can conceive of such a being, know not what they say; but we cannot reject the doctrine because it is inconceivable, for we have seen that we cannot reject the doctrines of infinity of

time and infinity of space. Nay, so far are we from being justified in rejecting the belief in a Supreme Being because we cannot conceive such a being, that, on the contrary, no being of which we could conceive could possibly be the God of the utterly inconceivable universe. That God must of necessity be himself inconceivable. The most earnest believers, as well as the exactest students of science, can have but *faith*; they cannot *know*—

For knowledge is of things we see,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ELEANOUR: A TALE OF NON-PERFORMERS.

ELEANOUR had passed the first flush of rampant, boisterous youth, being very nearly twenty-eight years of age; and as she was neither a beauty nor a fortune, few people took the trouble to tell her that she did not look so much.

A thoughtful expression, an easy figure, and a pair of fine eyes, constituted her chief outward claims to notice; but then she was a widow, and one who had also been a mother,—it was felt that they were quite sufficient for any purpose her life could now afford.

She had a convenient income, good health, and a tolerably whole heart; since, although her marriage had undoubtedly been one of affection, it had not perhaps yielded the entire fruition of happiness anticipated. It had been entered into after a brief acquaintanceship, and under peculiar circumstances. The single child which had been born to her had died in infancy; and there had been five years of uninterrupted companionship with, an amiable, ordinary young man, who attended to his profession diligently, took his recreations punctually, loved his wife sincerely, and ate his dinner heartily. His wishes had always been moderate, and his habits respectable,—since he had a comfortable home, and an excellent business, he asked no more; his ambition did not extend beyond returning the hospitalities of his neighbors in style equal to theirs, and paying the bills afterwards without a groan.

A groove which had suited him so well was, unfortunately, scarcely that which a youthful imagination had painted for Eleanour. Her tastes were different from, her mind was superior to, his; her

fancy was warm; and of knowledge of the world she had none whatever.

That would have taught her to be duly content with the comfortable roof which sheltered her, with the modest luxury of her surroundings, with the dainties on her table, the carriage at her door, — to estimate these as far better things, far more solid, tangible benefits, than congeniality of taste and harmony of purpose. As it was, she had just sense enough to keep her longing for such fripperies out of sight; and to accept her lot without saying to any living creature that it had disappointed her.

Nothing had been less dreamed of, less anticipated, than the early and sudden death which had left her, at twenty-five, a widow; and astonished and astray as she had then felt, it was not all at once that she could realize the absolute termination of that episode in her history, which had seemed so fixed, so immutable, and for which she had been so manifestly unfit. It had been still more of a shock than a sorrow.

Time, however, did his work with marvellous rapidity. In spite of herself, the glow returned to Eleanour's cheek, and the light to her eye, almost too soon; and in spite of the jealous guard maintained over the past, it might have been observed that, with the sense of grief and loss, other feelings had indubitably mingled.

Eleanour could not pretend a part; but, luckily for her, one was not needed.

No suspicions ever entered the breasts of the four pretty sisters over whom it was ordained that she should return to hold vice-maternal sway. Their mother had died many years before; and on the return of the widow to her early home at the expiration of her married life, she found Kate, aged twenty-one, Julia twenty, Puss and Dot respectively seventeen and fifteen, all inclined to look upon her in the light of a parent, obey her edicts without hesitation, and regard her with an affection in which respect was largely mingled.

The emancipation of the younger two from school-room bondage, and the advancement of the elder ones to maturer years, made no difference in the position thus at first established. Eleanour was guide, guardian, counsellor, — and to their father they were not one-half so submissive.

Mr. Crichton did not, indeed, exact submission. He was an indulgent, easy-going man, who, although he had not opposed his eldest daughter's choice, had been afterwards as well pleased as de-

cency would permit, that the union should be dissolved by death, and that he should hear no more about it.

His son had made a far more suitable match, — and Alexander had two fine boys. That was of importance. He had but one son; and if Alexander had thrown himself away, or had been childless, it would have been a terrible business. But Eleanour was only one of the girls; and as matters had turned out, no great harm had been done.

He had now all his family about him again, and he liked that. He could walk over to Alexander's — it was but two miles — sit for half an hour, pursue his way, and be home in time for dinner, with the agreeable feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had scarcely cost him an effort.

When the boys were old enough he would send them to school at his own expense: until then he could supply them with barley-sugar drops; and even if he were obliged to lay down his newspaper now and then of a morning to listen to some little clamor who had toddled to his knee, he found himself able to do it with a tolerably good grace. In short, he was a mildly selfish nonentity, who, as long as nobody interfered with him, interfered with nobody, and whom only the solid annoyance of an ill-cooked dinner, or a hopelessly bad day, caused to let it be seen that he was not the entirely good-tempered man he was generally given out to be.

This happening only occasionally, however, the harmony which prevailed in the family circle was but seldom ruffled.

The younger sisters grew prettier, gayer, more blooming and buoyant, year by year; the eldest tended the flock, exulted in them, and domineered over them; within three years of her return, and when she was, as we have said, about twenty-eight years old, her monarchy was absolute.

"What would they do without her?" cried Cecil, Alexander's blithe, busy young wife. "She is mother and more to those girls. Without Eleanour they would be lost."

It was time, however, that some of the fair maids, who were really now in the prime of their youth and beauty, should take flight from the paternal nest, and be the ornaments of other spheres.

"Dot is growing very pretty," said Cecil one day to Eleanour apart.

"Very pretty."

"She looks nearly as old as Kate."



"Quite."

"It is rather awkward all four of them being out," very softly.

"Ye-es."

"I—I expected, Eleanour, did not you? that—all—the elder ones would not have been at home—when Puss and Dot grew up."

On which followed a solemn maternal conclave, sacred and secret, but not without results, as we shall see. Cecil's cheeks were burning when it came to an end at last, and she could scarce forbear dancing along the road as she ran home to her chicks. Eleanour had smiled on her suggestion.

Eleanour's smile had seemed at once to stamp it with authority; for the brother's wife was to the full as much impressed with belief in the awful majesty of our dark-haired autocrat, as were any of the party; she had felt that if she could venture to whisper to Eleanour the dear delightful idea which had come into her head, and if Eleanour would only approve, it might actually come to mean something. What the idea was will soon appear. It was not many days after, ere she flew into the morning-room, where all were assembled, and panted forth, regardless of their presence—

"Oh, Nelly dear, he is really coming!"

Eleanour frowned. The young ones would be enlightened,—and this was strong meat for men, not milk for babes. Her quiet "Who is coming?" carried warning in its tone.

Nor was Cecil's "Oh, my brother," followed by "You know I told you, Nelly," without its due apology.

"Your brother Anthony. Yes, I know, of course." Circumspection being thus restored, she could now without fear, show interest and cordiality. "You must be pleased, indeed, Cecil. How long is it since you have met?"

"Since before we were married—before we were even engaged, Eleanour! Think of that! Alexander has never seen Anthony—never once."

"And he is coming home for good?"

"Yes—for good. He is on his way now, and he is to live at Blatchworth. It is Blatchworth that has brought him: we should never have seen his dear face for years and years, I daresay, if he had had no home to come to; but now that Blatchworth is his,—ah! poor John!"

But John had been only a cousin, and Anthony was a brother: it was hardly in human nature not to view John's death through some of the light of Anthony's

recall. If John had lived, then might Anthony have been as good as dead, for all they ever saw of him,—and might at last have actually come to his end, in those horrid places over the seas, uncared for, cut off from all. She found it difficult even to stop and think. "Ah! poor John!"

It may be that her transports were rather too often repeated; it is possible that she did harp upon the subject somewhat; for certainly her husband, who had at first been pleased and interested even to as great an extent as she could wish, grew taciturn.

"Of course I am glad, my dear," he was at length driven to affirm with unnecessary emphasis; "but you make—hum—so very sure of it. You never let one hear of anything else. And how can you tell that a hundred things may not turn up to stop your brother?"

"Cruel man, to try to damp me!"

"I am not damping you, as you call it,—only preventing your being overmuch vexed and disappointed, if anything should happen. And lots of things might happen, you know, if you would only allow yourself to take them into account. Anthony is an uncertain fellow——"

"That he is not!"

"And would never dream of putting himself about, I should say, in order to be here to a set time. Suppose the weather is disagreeable—it has been abominably squally lately—ten to one he would wait till it was more settled. Or he may take a fancy for a peep at the seat of war by the way. It is a mistake to reckon on a man who has no ties."

"Ah, but he has ties! He has me and Oliver."

"Brothers and sisters don't go for much."

"He has Blatchworth."

"That is more to the purpose; Blatchworth will draw him to Blatchworth, undoubtedly. But Blatchworth being a thing, not a person—a thing without feeling or expectation, incapable of hurling reproaches—it can very well wait. Blatchworth can hardly be called a tie."

"You want him to form a tie?" quickly. "Ask him here."

"Form a tie! Ask him here!" He must have been marvellously obtuse, for it is certain the idea fell on him like a thunderclap.

"Of course I am thinking of your sisters, dear." She was laughing and blushing now, delighted to be able to say out at last, what had been burning in her bosom



unsuspected before. "Why, Alexander, where have your wits been, not to find me out till now? Listen, then: he must admire their fair hair and blue eyes, and surely one of them will be compliant enough to be fascinated by his *beauté du diable*. Don't you think so? Don't you see how likely it is? Oh," cried Cecil, clasping her hands, "indeed I have set my heart upon it!"

The ice thus broken, it was impossible for the warm-hearted creature not to recur to the matter with fervor and frequency. True, it was no longer the mere arrival of her brother which filled her imagination; it was his future, the life which lay before him. Since her husband was now in the secret, there was no further occasion for the reticence which had at first embittered her exultation; there was no need to stop short and turn away when her fancy grew too busy for prudence. Accordingly, even such brief respites were not at last accorded him; and to confess the truth, from being sick of the subject, he grew sore on it.

"We must have him here at once," she would say, a dozen times of a morning.

"That depends on whether he will come," said Alexander, at length.

"What day did he write on last? Was it the 2d or the 3d?"

"I don't know," shortly.

"Nor care," pouting.

"Well, no. I don't care particularly," confessed the unfortunate husband, driven to say it at last. "A fellow can't be expected to care about that sort of thing. Tell me when he is to be here, and I'll do whatever you want,—that is to say, I'll"—great effort of hospitality—"I'll meet him myself with the dogcart."

He had done his part, he thought, in coming to this conclusion. He was not, as may be seen, keen to know to an hour when his brother-in-law might be expected to land on English soil; but if Cecil managed the rest, he would meet him with the dogcart presently. He did not enjoy the idea. By this time he was haunted perpetually by the apprehension of being taken by storm some fine day, obliged to muster a brotherly welcome, and install in his guest-chamber a traveller who would be in no further hurry to move on, and who, whilst residing under his roof, would be caressed, fêted, listened to, and marvelled at, all day long. It was not an agreeable picture; since, if a man likes anything, he likes to be cock of his own dunghill; and nothing is less to his mind than to see another cock—having no

such agreeable and salubrious domain pertaining to him,—made free to strut and bow thereon, to the extinguishment of the real sultan, and the delight of all the silly hens about the place.

Alexander was not a bad fellow by any means, but he was very dry on the subject at last.

"I don't think you are quite kind to poor Anthony," said Cecil one day, and there was an ominous tremble in her voice. "To be sure, his coming cannot be the same to you that it is to me and Oliver, but still——"

Poor man, driven to bay, what could he do? Swear it was the same? Not quite; but still he had to say something; to put forth some little suitable warmth; and at the same time try to kindle a corresponding glow within his breast. The attempt was honest: he exclaimed inwardly that it was only Cecil's exaggeration of joy which had caused him to be backward,—he could not even to himself allow that he was jealous of the impression likely to be produced; that he foresaw himself overlooked, cast into the shade, by the all-engrossing new-comer; and that, in addition, he did not care to have the even tenor of his life broken in upon; to be forced to think about people and scenes differing from those to which he was accustomed.

Since the invasion—he had now come to look upon it as an invasion—was unavoidable, and since to be behindhand in complaisance would only be adding to it a disagreeable, without any other, effect, he made an effort to conquer his internal repugnance to the idea. He wrote to his brother-in-law. To show himself obliging, he had even to carry the letter to the post; and then to walk on to convey the news of Mr. Delamere's having landed, to the party at the castle.

Cecil was satisfied, and he was praised and thanked on his return.

"And you said that we had asked them both, Alexander?"

"Both."

"You told me to write Oliver too."

"Did I?"

"Indeed you did; and that was why I wrote to him. You must have known that was why I wrote to him? What else did you think? Really, dear Alexander, you are very tiresome——" almost crying.

"Well, well, it is all right, my love. Ask your brothers whenever you choose. I don't believe Oliver will come; the regiment is in country quarters, and lots of

fellows will want leave as well as he at this time. You could not have fixed on a worse: he will never come; he is not the least likely to think of it——"

"But it was you who told me to write!"

It was true; he had told her; goaded thereto by a yearning for some comrade in the affliction about to befall him,—some one who would be as averse as he to long-winded narratives preluded by "When I was in such and such a place,"—some man, in short. But he had not imagined the suggestion acted upon; and on second thoughts had cancelled it in his own mind. There was nothing now for it but to acquiesce, and put up with the probable addition of another good shot on his moor, and another handsome gallant at his table. He was not himself good-looking, neither was he first-rate as a sportsman; therefore it may be imagined how he relished the prospect. Oliver Delamere he knew, and on the whole he did not dislike him,—they got on fairly well together,—and if he could have exchanged Anthony for Oliver, he would have been glad to do so; but somehow, when he came to think of it, he was not quite sure that he wished for both.

Anthony, he dreaded; Anthony, he feared, would bother him, would annoy him, overshadow him; and a third person to have shared his grievance and his ignominy, might have been a consolation. But Oliver——? He shook his head.

And then there was another walk to be taken to the castle, to announce that the young men had been heard from; that they had severally accepted their invitations; and that they would arrive within the week.

The reception of the news was exactly what he had expected it would be. It was no vexation naturally to people who had nothing to do with it. His father thought it a proper attention to Cecil's relations that they should be asked to Crichton at the only time of year when it was a favor to be invited to a Highland moor; and the girls—who, Alexander told himself, would have disliked nothing more than to have had tiresome or uncongenial companions saddled upon them—were well enough pleased that such a misfortune should happen to him. They plied him with gay questions.

Oliver had always been a favorite, as a lively young scamp with every attraction in the world but a full purse is sure to be with a set of girls; but though he was referred to with interest, curiosity was

reserved for Anthony. They would be so glad to see Oliver again, and—was Anthony *sure* to come? Oliver was so nice, and so merry, and sang so well, and danced so well, and—was Anthony like him? Even the black-robed Eleanour left her book and her corner to join in the cross-questioning, put her arm round Julia's neck, and looked affectionately at Kate. It was too bad; he hoped to goodness that nothing would come of it; and felt almost savage at the extreme probability of his hopes being in vain.

There they were; four pretty, lively, well-born, and fairly well-endowed damsels; and what heart not already secured, could be expected to be proof against so fair a battery? On one side the chestnut curls and chiselled brow of Kate, and on the other the sparkling smile and rosebud bloom of Julia. Even the less remarkable younger ones were full of subtle charms and youthful vigor. He actually laughed at last, the situation grew so desperate; then a good thought struck him.

"Eleanour," he said, aside; "you see I have got to have these fellows. It is a pity, but I cannot help it."

"Why a pity?"

"On account of the girls, I mean."

"Oh, on account of the girls!"

"These men will be over here whenever they can, and I can do nothing to prevent it. The shooting is execrable,—they will soon find that out; and then they will want 'metal more attractive.' Cecil will encourage them, naturally; but you must do what you can on the other side. Don't let the girls go anywhere without you. I hate philandering."

He did not reflect that he, as well as the sister he was speaking to, had philandered to some purpose, but felt relieved by having said so much.

"Now she will be on her guard," he thought; "but still what a nuisance it is! I know nothing of this Anthony, except that he was sent out into the world to seek his fortune; and since he was never likely to find it, the fortune, like Mahomet's mountain, comes to him. A precious mess he will make of a fine property, if he is the fellow I take him to be. And Cecil to talk about his *beauté du diable*!"

He thought he could have stood all the rest; but that *beauté du diable* rang in his ears, and filled his soul with disgust and apprehension.

Suspense, however, was not added to his woes. On the following Tuesday, the

day before they were expected, the brothers made their appearance, without summoning either himself or his dogcart, and with the simple apology that, as they had found they could come, they had. He came upon them accidentally in the hall as he was passing through; they were hanging their hats on the stand; and instead of the block of luggage which had been an ugly vision before his mind's eye from the first — instead of the straps and wraps, sticks and umbrellas, and vast iron-bound, sea-going chests, which had been a perpetual anticipation and irritation, — he beheld two medium-sized portmanteaus, and two equally moderate and modest-looking gun-cases.

Even as he shook hands he was betrayed into an involuntary "Is that all?"

"All? Well, yes," said Anthony, looking about him. "Noll had a rug, but we lost it. Holloa! How are the infants?"

That introduction over, they strolled away for the smoke in the garden, and the whole affair of the meeting was over.

Where was Cecil? Gone in quest of her husband and he was left standing in the hall to collect himself, having muttered some excuse for so doing. He must be alone for a single minute to review the ground he stood on.

So this was Anthony — the Anthony than whom nothing and no one else had been talked about for the last month, — whose likings and dislikings, whims, fancies, and boyish frolics, had been recounted over and over, — whose prospects and future life had been expatiated on, — till he was inclined to curse his very name. This was the hero for whom nothing, in his doting sister's opinion, was good enough; and who, he had foreseen all along, would begin at once to make himself at home and disagreeable.

At home he did certainly appear to be; but he had not so far been offensive. As for the *beauté du diable*, as soon as he recollected it, Cecil was hunted all over the house to hear that her brother was only a great, coarse-looking backwoodsman.

She had been dreaming, or hoaxing him, about Anthony's appearance. Oliver, to be sure was well enough; he supposed some people would call him good-looking; but the other was not even passable. The most that could be said of him, — and that was something, considering the life he had led, — was that he did look a gentleman, albeit a plain and uncouth one.

Plain? Cecil fired at the word. Plain?

She did not know what he meant. She had never promised him a common, everyday, *pretty* face; if he had expected a pink and white complexion and pencilled eyebrows, it was not *her* fault. Anthony's appearance was all that she wanted for her part; and she must beg to tell him that no woman liked dolly-faced men. Anthony's dark locks and swarthy, sunburnt brow would find admirers in plenty. If he was ugly, he was delightful. And so on, and so on, diverging to right and left of the argument, as Mrs. Cecil was apt to do.

However, she was too happy to be quarrelsome. The dear boys! She followed their grey figures with her eye until they were lost to view; and before night she was crowned with full content; for she had assured herself that her only source of anxiety was groundless. The master of Blatchworth had still a heart to offer.

He had actually arrived at her door, hale, hearty, and disengaged; and at the end of her solemn exhortation on the duty of remaining so no longer, professed himself inclined to see it in the same light.

And she had surely extended some of her sisterly cares to Noll? It was disgraceful if Noll did not turn into a benedict, now that he had got that fifteen hundred pounds out of Aunt Maria. What could a fellow like Noll do with fifteen hundred pounds?

"For heaven's sake, Cis," cried the careful elder brother, "get him a wife, or he'll go to the devil with it!"

"Hush, hush! you must not talk like that."

"I didn't mean," said Anthony penitently. "I say, one gets into a rough way of talking, knocking about the world; don't you mind, I'm going to stop it."

"And you are not going to knock about the world any more."

Then she bargained that they should go over with her to call at the castle on the following day. Two days after, shooting would begin and hours would be changed, and who could say when the acquaintance might be made if not at once; but once seen, she trusted to the fair sisterhood acting as their own magnet in the future. Oh, what a time that short intervening two miles took to get over with such companions, and how hot and tired was weary Cecil at the end! That they started late, that they kept her waiting for three-quarters of an hour, was nothing; she was good-humoredly disposed to lay the blame on the change of toilet which a morning's fishing rendered imperative;

but why need they lounge and saunter, and turn aside at every opportunity, and finally sit down to rest by the way—the two great hulking fellows? It was but too obvious that they were being driven against their will—that had it not been their first day, and there was no excuse handy, they would have evaded the expedition. Oliver scuds off after a rabbit, Anthony cheering him on; they investigate a well, they drink from a spring; finally both leave her to examine a blasted piece of rock half-way up the hill.

At length, however, and by dint of patience and urgency combined, the entrance gates are reached, and the toils of the journey are at an end. So she hopes fondly,—but stay a bit.

"I say, Cis."

"Well?"

"Anthony and I are just going down to the shore to see about getting a fisherman for to-night. Anthony has never seen the sort of sea-fishing they have here. You go on, and we will overtake you."

"Overtake me! We are close at hand."

"Go in, then, and say we are coming."

And come they did,—after every one had gone out but Eleanour. The visit was a failure. After an hour's waiting, Eleanour, not without some sense of outraged dignity, had sent her sisters away, and intrenched herself in solitary state to receive the recusants. Her pretty goods should not remain for such tardy appreciation, should not have it supposed that the enforced civility of any guests of Cecil's—brothers or not—was grateful to them. She had the color in her cheek and the sparkle in her eye when the drawing-room door opened at last; and her answer to Oliver's hasty quest round the room, was a grim smile of satisfaction.

For Oliver, now that he was actually there, was alive to the merits of the situation; and he had, moreover, caught a view of an excellent croquet lawn—the days of croquet were not yet ended—as he passed through the shrubbery; it was enough to kindle desire. He was a renowned player, as he was everything else that was useful and captivating, and if he could have got Anthony even, for an antagonist, would have challenged him on the spot.

But it appeared that Anthony had not only never played, he had actually never seen the game.

This was insufferable. Oliver appealed to Eleanour, to Cecil, if it was not in-

sufferable; and by dint of volubility, flattery, and persuasion, succeeded in disarming both, and inducing them to fix upon an early day for his brother's initiation. They must make it to-morrow. Why should it not take place to-morrow? Even Cecil was surprised to see the man who had been so loath to come, so eager to return, not reflecting that it was in the passing moment the gay soldier lived, and that in the pursuit of pleasure he could even be industrious. It was chiefly to Anthony, indeed, that blame was due, and Anthony was at least consistent; he accepted the invitation, but he did nothing to extort it.

However, the players kept him to his word. It is to be presumed that he tried to learn; that he did seriously incline his ear to the counsels of the wise; but he made a sad hash of it, nevertheless. So much was taken for granted; so many points was he expected to bear in mind at once; and such a number of rules and regulations were dinned into his ear at the same time, that he must be pardoned for giving up the attempt, and retreating in mortification to the old-fashioned sundial among the bushes, where Eleanour was mounting guard.

From this retreat he viewed the combatants with no very good will. They had speedily—and he fancied joyfully—rearranged sides; and he could tell by the general alacrity and expectation, the preparatory collecting of balls and testing of hoops, the whole stir and bustle consequent on his departure, that a well-contested match was to be played. He was no loss—indeed he must have been an intolerable drag. His going admitted another sister to play, and enabled all to let out their strength and show their skill.

Altogether he was well out of it. Away went Oliver, carrying with him his partner Kate, from right to left, from centre to side, clearing the route of all opponents' balls, and placing them delicately for future use, in the style of a master of the craft. It seemed as though he were to walk the course; but he slipped, missed an easy stroke, and in a trice the tables were turned.

It was now his turn to be chased from hole to corner by an unsparing foe; and to find himself and his fair partner lodged at extreme ends of the lawn, hopelessly disunited. So much for Julia, but Kate could play too. A lucky shot regained, as by magic, the lost position, and cleared the coast. Why should her slender fingers have trembled at that critical mo-

ment? Pure eagerness, not even anxiety, made them; she was not nervous by nature, and she was confident in herself, but she was excited, and the mallet turned her hand. If it had not touched, no mischief would have been done; but oh, woe betide the tiresome thing! it moved the ball, and made the abortive attempt count as a stroke.

The adversaries shouted, and the striker stood still; but Oliver rushed to the rescue. By turns appealing, quoting, arguing, he maintained his position till all had gathered round; and the merry voices rose and fell by turns, interspersed with soft and pleasant laughter.

So gay they seemed that "it is a nuisance to be out of it altogether," reflected the elder brother, morosely. "Makes a fellow feel rather small."

Then he essayed to explain to Eleanour how it came to pass that he was so ignorant. "I have not been in this country for six years; and though I have heard of this, I never came across any people who played."

"You will find a rage for it everywhere this summer."

"Oh, I shall play, I suppose; I shall get into it by-and-by. Are you a great hand?"

"I? Oh no," said Eleanour, with a faint smile; "I know no more of it than you do."

Unexpected consolation; he raised himself on his elbow to look into her face. "You don't say so!"

"I like to come here while they are playing, and listen to their voices, and have them all about me," continued the elder sister, in her hen-motherly fashion; "it makes a pretty sight; and it is such good exercise for the girls, too."

"Meantime you read."

"Yes."

"May I look? Coleridge. That's odd."

"Odd!" said Eleanour, warmly. "Odd, to read Coleridge!"

"Odd that you should be reading the 'Ancient Mariner,' just when I was feeling myself to be like him."

"Oh! Indeed?"

"Behindhand with the world. Not 'in it,' as they say on the turf. Rather a fool, you know."

"Because you cannot play croquet?"

"Pshaw!" said Anthony, shortly. "You will find there are other things I cannot do besides that."

"And do you really mind?"

"I am not sure if I do, or not. I hate the thing; but you see if all the rest are

at it——" She thought she understood, and was not ill-pleased.

Naturally he did not enjoy being left out in the cold; and she did her best to restore his self-complacency under the ordeal; and then at last Puss and Dot were tired of being umpires, and came to join the idlers. That did better, and they all went into the house shortly, and candles were brought, and there was music.

It was evident that Oliver was destined to shine as much at the piano as on the lawn. Cecil, who had enjoyed her croquet, being as good a player as any, now retreated to the sofa and the society of her father-in-law, — but Oliver was again in the front ranks of the performers. He had a sweet, rich voice, the very voice to go with Kate's clear soprano, and duets were chosen.

"Awfully nice, is it not?" said Anthony, presently; but somehow he did not look as though he found it so; he was frowning and silent, and the cheek which he rested against the soft cushion of his chair, was turned from the singers.

"I say," called his brother, probably in obedience to a suggestion, "Anthony, come and take a part."

"Take a part? No, thank you, I can't."

Take a part indeed! He had never taken a part in his life! Talking of taking "a part" as coolly as though it were taking a header or a fence!

He laughed, but his laughter was rather unamirthful; and there was a momentary silence.

"It is a pity," said Cecil to herself; "but, to be sure, he can listen; and really one can enjoy and admire, too, a great deal better when one has nothing else to do, than when one has one's own business to attend to. Kate is in capital voice; and they are all four looking their best."

"Is it not delightful, Anthony?"

"Oh, delightful!"

"Don't you like being sung to?"

"Awfully."

But why, if he did, did he rise the next minute, and throw himself half out of the open window beside which Eleanour sat, just behind a silver streak of moonlight? He was not thinking that he liked being sung to. I fancy his meditations were rather of this sort: "What an ass a fellow makes of himself when he can't do anything to help off an evening! If it is to be always like this when I go anywhere, I had better stay at home. This girl, this widow, is laughing at me in her



sleeve, I suppose. My ill-luck has sent me her way again. I did not see her till it was too late."

He was surprised that she did not address him; that he was let alone to choose his own entertainment; and by-and-by he could even feel inclined to enjoy the beauties of the scene without. A full moon was reflected in the still water of the bay; was lighting up the innumerable herring-boats, whose brown sails were stretched motionless to dry; and was every now and then shedding its beams upon a rocky promontory or islet, which would for the moment stand out from the darkness of the land shadow, and become the central glory of the picture.

It was beautiful, it was delightful. He bethought himself of other such scenes he had witnessed,—of nights beneath the starry skies of Egypt, or amid the gorgeous forests of Cashmere,—of the peace of great wildernesses, and the solemn stillness of mid-ocean. In a pause of his reverie came the clash of a chorus from within,—and it sounded a discord intolerable.

Involuntarily he turned to frown; so did Eleanour; and their eyes met. "Jove, she has a fine pair!" cried Anthony to himself. But as she was star-gazing also, they did not interrupt each other—they did not even exchange a passing comment.

By-and-by, however, Cecil took her naughty boy to task. "You might at least have paid the girls the compliment of thanking them, though you would not listen, my dear brother."

"What should I thank them for?"

"Their singing, of course."

"They did not sing to please me; and I would very much rather they had not sung at all. It spoils my evening."

"What did you want to do?"

"Nothing,—watch the moon."

"I saw you; but that is Eleanour's prerogative, poor dear. She won't be grateful to you for disturbing her."

"I did not disturb her; and she did not disturb me."

"No; you appeared to hold no communication. But still, I do assure you, she would prefer your going off with the others."

"But if the others go off without me?"

"Oh, *now*," thought she, "I understand." But she must really find out something that he could do—that he could like to do. Even of shooting he owned that he could have enough, and so far well; but it was absurd that he should

be absolutely unable to take part in anything else.

Oliver was so clever, so handy, such a favorite, that it was really almost a pity that he should have no Blatchworth to make it possible for him to become a favorite to any purpose. He would, to be sure, have been puzzled which fair one to besiege, such was his devotion to all; Kate sang his songs, Julia used his pencils, Puss wore his cricket-ribbon, and Dot played with his mallet; but that difficulty could have been overcome; and for a penniless younger son who could do no more, he was certainly right to mete out his attentions with such admirable impartiality. Why with half his susceptibility, was he not Anthony; or why could Anthony not catch a spark from the flame? So cold, or so cautious, which was it?

"Quite anti-matrimonial, anyway," said Alexander, rubbing his hands in the plenitude of his satisfaction. "Your plans have come to nought, Cecil; and since it is so, I may say, I suppose, that I for one am not sorry. Not but what I like your brother. He is a queer fellow, and no trouble at all in a house; but I should not have cared for people to have had the chance of saying we had had him here in order to knock up a match."

He had thought of this too late. Had it occurred to him sooner it would, he now reflected, have been an unanswerable reason for excluding Anthony from Crichton. However, it was as well, perhaps, after all, that the thing should have been got over. Cecil would have given him no peace; and, as matters had turned out, he was not sorry on the whole that she should be quieted so effectually. Nothing but this brother's presence and indifference would have knocked her care for his welfare on the head; but now she would perhaps see that he might be trusted to look after it for himself.

Neither did his guests annoy him. The rattle of Oliver was harmless; and, so far from Anthony's engrossing the conversation, he needed to be drawn out to make him talk.

"Eleanour is the only one who can do it," continued Alexander, having remarked on this to his wife. "He shirks the others, I think. He is over there now,"—it was in the afternoon,— "and they are all four gone off riding with Noll."

"Where is he, then?"

"Reading to Eleanour under a tree."

"Reading to Eleanour!" said Cecil, laughing. "Well, it is a good thing he has Eleanour to read to. The girls would



not listen to that sort of thing for a moment. And what was he reading?"

"Oh, by George, you don't expect me to tell you that!"

"Did you not go to them?"

"Not I. I walked past, and they never saw me. I was right under their noses."

"They would think you very rude, I am afraid."

"Nonsense! How could they think me rude when I tell you they never saw me? Now, come out yourself; you and I won't waste so fine a day reading under trees, anyway."

Anthony had explained it all satisfactorily on his first appearance at the castle. He never rode when he could walk; he had walked over to keep his brother company; and now might he stay?

"Yes, I got him here," added Oliver, triumphantly; "but he is too lazy to go back. Pray be merciful, and don't turn him from the door."

It was quite a good thing that Eleanour was at home, for now they felt no difficulty about all the other sisters going for the ride; and all four were equipped and waiting, never having dreamed of Anthony's paying a visit that day.

Eleanour was going to sit under the oaks. He thought she would; he knew it was her favorite seat; and if he would not be in her way, if he would not disturb her, he had something in his pocket, he was very anxious to—to — He was awfully ashamed of himself; he was afraid it would only bore her. She thought she was never to find out what was the meaning of such stammering and blushes.

At last, however, all was plain. A packet was produced, and it appeared that it contained an original manuscript; something he had once written, scarcely with a view to publication, more as a vent for his own ideas on the subject, than for any other purpose. Still he yearned for an opinion on its merits, and hers was the first he had ever been able to make up his mind to seek.

She could not but be flattered, interested, eager, now that she understood the honor bestowed on her. What would it prove? Would it be good? Would it be worthy her praise? Would it be worthy of more than hers?

All alacrity and expectation, she gave her assent, and threw herself on the turf to listen. How now? Where is flown the austere, stately Eleanour, whose measured tread appalls the timid stranger, and whose calm serenity rebukes the frivolous? The *abandon* of the move-

ment, the flash of her eye, have transfigured Anthony's auditor; and none of this is lost on him. He finds in the moment a wondrous fascination. He experiences a strange charm in making this companion the first recipient of his hidden delights. They have solaced him in his rough hut on the prairies, and accompanied him to his hammock on the broad ocean; escaped perils by sea and land; but never been submitted to mortal eye or ear, till now.

Of all people in the world, he is the least likely to be suspected of such pursuits. Why, he cannot even act a charade, or bellow a chorus! Why, Oliver has done more than one neat little thing for the papers, and it was he who was chosen to send up that capital account of the football match, which was thought so well done, you remember? Cecil sent for six copies; and the housemaids were not allowed to have them till after they had lain for months on her boudoir shelf. But no one would ever ask Anthony to indite even an advertisement. His letters are nothing, and he doesn't tell you things, — even Alexander is forced to admit that he never knew a fellow so free from travellers' tales, — so that though Eleanour was not surprised that he *could*, she was amazed that he *should*, write. And had it been possible, he would now almost have drawn back from the plunge, though standing on the brink. Even with this long, lazy afternoon before him, every barrier withdrawn, and Eleanour by his side, he hums and haws and hesitates.

"Now do go on." She has to implore at length.

"Shall I really?"

"Yes, really. I am waiting."

"You must not be hard on me."

"I shall be, if I get the chance."

"Oh, if that is the case," says Anthony, joyously, "I don't mind. I am prepared to endure. If you will only be sincere —"

"Sincere!" cried Eleanour. "You shall see." She was quite out of herself in the excitement, quite vexed at the delay. "Upon my word," thought he, "this is uncommonly nice."

And it proved nicer still, as the time went on. The girls were astonished to find the pair still under their leafy canopy on their return; albeit the sun was sinking fast on the western horizon.

"What did you do with him, Eleanour?"

"I did nothing. He read to me."

"Oh, reading," said Kate, compassion-

ately. "Rather stupid on a day like this. We have had such a ride! I like Anthony very well, but it is a pity he has not more spirit; now, he missed a great deal by not being with us, you know."

"Perhaps," said Eleanour, smiling, "he did not think so. Give him credit for knowing his own mind, at least."

"But I never can get him to say he cares about anything."

"He does not care for the things that you do."

"Is he not hard to get on with?"

"Not at all. I never met with any one so easy."

"Well," said Puss, plaintively, "he never takes any notice at all of me. On Sunday I said something to him, and he just rushed past to get on to Eleanour, and walked off with her as hard as he could go. It seems as if all he cared for was to get out of the way of us girls."

"And then he hangs on to poor old Nell!" said Dot.

They quite pitied her; especially when it came out that she had had no walk, and no visitors, and no interruption of any kind; and that it was only their own re-appearance which had broken up her *tête-à-tête* with the formidable bore.

But he went home triumphant. He had seen his hearer aroused, attentive, captious, and subdued by turns. He had seen her fine eyes shining through involuntary tears, and had felt the pressure of her hand on his arm, and had heard her voice sending him forth to conquer.

It had all been infinitely more than he had dared to hope for. Ah, if others were to think as she did! The lust of fame took hold upon him, and he trembled lest so newly found a delight should vanish into thin air, should prove but a passing dream. He must make it surer, firmer. He must have more certain grounds for his elation.

Accordingly he was all impatience for such another afternoon; and one coming soon after, bright enough to tempt the riders forth again, he hurried over. Alas! the day was too hot. In vain he hinted at exhilarating motion and mountain breezes; the idea did not find favor. In short, there was something new going on. What was it? Acrostics.

And Oliver had taken prizes at acrostics—think of that! All the party had their heads together over the paper which had just come in; and Eleanour was absent from the room. Poor Anthony, he stood apart in silent disappointment; and when she did appear it was to be taxed

sharply, "Do *you* understand what these things mean?"

"Not much."

"Do you like them?"

"Not at all."

"Did you ever find out one?"

"Never."

The others, busy with their pencils and dictionaries, did not see the smile which chased away the cloud at this confession; and perhaps it was as well. One day he said to her, referring to the gay-colored group collected round his brother—Oliver was showing them a new way of eating melons—"A pretty mixture of color that, taken as a whole; but, to my mind, any woman who *can*, should always wear black."

Of course she was pleased,—it was impossible to disassociate the words from the look with which they were accompanied,—and Eleanour was but human. She heard the rest of the reading on the same day—there being nothing to prevent her doing so. The young ones were presently shouting over their game, and made such a noise that it was the most natural thing in the world for the sober-minded to retreat out of hearing; and then it was too hot to go anywhere but under the oaks, where there was always the salt smell of the sea, even if there were no breeze to fan the branches.

At five o'clock only, they were hunted out, the precious document being then well out of sight; and no one thought of asking how their afternoon had been spent. Anthony said it was time to go home, but did not go; and finally they stayed till it was dusk; and could hardly then be got away.

"But nothing has come of it," sighed Cecil, giving up at length the ghost of hope. She had watched, and hinted, and kept away when not wanted, and stepped forward when the breach needed filling up, and done everything that fond and valorous champion could do to bring about an understanding,—but with no result. Nothing, she was fain to confess, had come of it; and nothing was likely to come of it.

The provoking part was, that the persons chiefly concerned seemed one and all most excellently satisfied; even Eleanour, her own dear sensible Eleanour, who might have been reckoned on to see the pify of it,—even she let fall not a syllable of dejection.

It had been Cecil's original scheme certainly; but Eleanour had pledged her participation in it by that smile, and now

a look of sympathy would not have been amiss. For it, however, she watched in vain.

On the charade night, the night on which Oliver in all his glory was bustling from one to another—directing, advising, rehearsing, and draping—Anthony was both blind and stupid. Absent, too; he could not be brought to see any beauty in the show, or any merits in the speeches. Mary and Honoria Stuart, who preferred tableaux, and who suggested that since Mr. Delamere disliked acting he might perhaps be induced to make one of a picture group, met with a cold rebuff. A mule could not have been more stubborn, until they got Eleanour to ask him as a favor; and then he obeyed, but was so evidently out of temper, that they wished he had been let alone.

The whole came to a speedy end, and dancing took its place. Neither would he dance; but that had been understood before; it surprised no one, when he was missed from the room, to find him out upon the terrace, with a dark, slender figure by his side.

But why did Eleanour stand so long at her little window that night, listening to the chatter of the sea-birds, and watching the solemn flowing in of the dark tide below? Why did she sob and sigh, and wring her hands, as though her heart would break? and throw from her, and anon catch to her bosom, a spray of starry jessamine, such as might have hung from the boughs on the terrace beneath? It cannot be that Anthony had anything to do with it? It is true that he sought her there, and that his first words stabbed her to the heart, and his second drove the breath from her lips. It is true that she turned from him, answering she knew not what, conscious only of one wild desire to fly and never see his face again.

They have been much together of late; but if they do talk, talk, by the hour, whilst the others are frolicking, surely it is only because sheer inability to join in all that goes on, excludes them from the circle?

The others left them behind,—he because he had never learned, she because she has renounced their amusements; they cannot possibly now take part in them. And so he found his way to her. He does not now allow her to pursue her studies uninterrupted, but prates and prosed all the time; and has so much to say, and says it so well, that Alexander would stare if he could see. Oliver, even if he so desired, is in far too great request

for him to obtain leave to retire into the shade. He trims the flower-glasses if there is nothing else for him to do; his accomplishments are so varied and so numerous, that nothing comes amiss to him.

On the whole, regarded as a month of pleasure, as a visit taken merely *pour passer le temps*, the brothers' stay has gone off well enough for all concerned, although from the fortnight which had first been named for its duration, it has lengthened out to double the time. Alexander does not complain; he is philosopher enough to feel that he does not even care much about it; that he is indifferent as to whether they go or stay, by this time. When at last a day is definitely fixed, he is able to say heartily, "Are you really obliged to go?"

And since they were, at least Oliver was, and insisted on carrying Anthony off with him,—more could yet be added, "Next time I hope you will have better luck!"

For the sport, as we have said, was bad, early rains having spoiled the hatching season; and perhaps to this cause may be attributed the young men being seen so frequently in the castle shrubbery. Be that as it might, they bore the deprivation bravely; and so high did they stand at last in their brother-in-law's good graces, that he was fain to confess to himself that he would not, after all, have objected to seeing one of his pretty sisters mistress of Blatchworth,—now that there appeared no chance of such a thing's coming to pass.

It is just possible that he was a little nettled to find it was out of the question. He was not very anxious to have Mary and Honoria Stuart over for the charades, thinking the charades could have got on very well without them. But it was so near the end of the brothers' visit—there being indeed but one other night of it—that he did not say much. The charades and the dancing took place, and we know what happened.

On the next morning, Cecil made one final attempt.

"Dear Anthony, I am so sorry you are going."

"Well, you see, Cis," slowly, "we can't stay here forever."

"But why need you both go at once? Why should not Oliver go, if he has to go, and you stay a little longer by yourself?"

"Noll wants me to know his fellows; and perhaps it's—just as well," said An-

thony, the latter part of the sentence having a meaning known only to himself.

"Are you going with him to the regiment?"

"I'll stop a few days with him, and then go on to Blatchworth, and settle down."

"Oh, Anthony, I wish it *were* settling down! Why don't you really mean what you say? Settle down altogether, and — and marry, you know!"

"I'm a non-performer, as usual, eh?"

"You never do do anything like other people. You and Eleanour — What? What did you say?"

"Nothing. Do you see that mountain-side over there, that wood with the open height above? It was on just such a stony bit of rising ground that I killed my first boar in the Nilgherries. He got to the crest of the ridge — it was as like that knoll there as possible — before I got my first shot at him. He turned and dashed into the wood again, grinding his jaws like a devil; and I made off to the left, had him again five minutes after, and bowled him over as dead as a ninepin."

"I dare say you did. But I do wish, Anthony, that you would listen to me for a minute. You never can sit down quietly, and have a nice comfortable chat about people we know, and things we are interested in. You always fly off to such odd, out-of-the-way subjects."

"Choose your own subject, then."

"I want to know what you think of my sisters-in-law?"

"Charming."

"What, all?"

"Yes, all."

"Well, but individually? We will allow that as a whole they are charming — at least I think so, though they are Alexander's sisters, and people said we should be sure to quarrel. But we never do quarrel; and I think they are as fond of me as I am of them."

"Creditable to you both."

"And now I want to hear what you think of each? Many people consider Kate the flower of the flock, but by candle-light I don't myself think she is equal to Julia. Do you?"

"Well, I don't know; perhaps not."

"The young ones are very engaging too."

"Oh, very."

"I know you like Eleanour."

"Eleanour?" he looked absently the other way.

"I said, I knew that you liked Eleanour."

"I wish," thought he, "that I could be as sure that Eleanour liked me."

The subject passed off, and he was not betrayed. He had to combat a few pensive complaints that they should leave her to go out with the fishermen on this their last evening; that considering neither one nor other had any reason — any fair, excellent, orthodox reason — for so doing, they should prefer to spend it in the company of the sisters, who had promised to be of the party, rather than with her.

She could not go, could not leave her little boys, since the nurse was away having a holiday; and it was a little hard to be left behind.

Why should not the girls have come over there, and they could have had tea out of doors, and a game, and a stroll along the shore afterwards for such as could go? Thus she could have enjoyed their company, and yet have been at her post; combined duty and pleasure.

Of course she wanted them to please themselves, would not for worlds have tethered them to her side against their will; but considering that they had been at the castle every day and all day long of late, it was really hardly necessary that they should be there to the last. So very late, too. They would not be home till after midnight; and Alexander had a cold, as it was.

Alexander, however, protested against his cold being taken into account. It was the merest nothing; he had promised his sisters; it was a lovely evening, and Cecil must remember that it was not often her brothers had the chance of seeing nets drawn on a Highland loch.

He was quite cheery and genial on the subject; he was in excellent humor and spirits, reflecting that the next day he would have his house to himself; that the dreaded episode would have receded into the past; and that he had not failed in any part of his duty either as a relation or a host. The brothers had, indeed, drained his cup of hospitality to the full, and it was not probable that he would be soon called upon to fill another. Oliver but seldom obtained leave, and Anthony was not likely to come without him. For another year, at all events, he was safe.

He bustled about, making arrangements for the expedition; ordered dinner to be a full hour earlier than usual; provided coats and mufflers for everybody; and even recollected to take over some extra rugs for his sisters' feet. He was into the dogcart with a schoolboy's

"whoo-oop" before Cecil could catch hold of him for a whispered caution.

"Alexander, just one word; see that Eleanor goes. She ought to be in one boat, and you in the other."

"Playing propriety, eh? I'll see to it."

But either he forgot, or he did not find seeing to it so easy as he expected. Three boats instead of two had been provided, by whom it did not appear; and in the confusion the party got wrong somehow, three of the girls going off with Oliver, who was the dangerous man, leaving only Julia for her brother to look after, since Eleanor arrived late, and was hurried by her cavalier into the last boat, alone with him and the fishermen.

Her going was thus of no good to any one, Cecil would have said; and she might just as well have been left at home, as she had begged to be.

She had tried to excuse herself, had shown several good reasons why she was not needed; but Alexander had remembered at least one part of his programme, and had backed his sisters in their demand for her presence.

Anthony had said nothing — watching warily in the background; but when, overruled at last, the lady came down equipped, she found Mr. Delamere alone waiting for her.

He was not ill-satisfied. With three boats he felt he could manage, even though not present personally at the embarkation; the two other crews moving off ere they reached the spot, was just what he expected to see.

It was a warm, still night; a fine night for a haul, the fishermen said; they did not know that they had had a better night that season.

Having predicted so much, and made all snug within and without, they took to their oars in modest silence; prepared only to speak when spoken to; and sufficiently occupied by the business in hand, to prevent their giving attention to anything unconnected with it. Half an hour's pull brought all the party to the spot where the nets were stretched; and here the boats fell apart, not to interfere with one another.

They were now on the other side of the bay; in the vast black shadow of the overhanging cliffs which towered along the shore; and the phosphorus which flashed from their oars was the only light obtained, since there was no moon, and a veiled sky.

But beneath the sombre water was a wondrous world of living creatures. Like

tongues of flame the supple fish darted hither and thither; now making all the surface glow, now vanishing in the depths; while in the darkness left, a silvery lamp would come floating by — luminous, iridescent, beautiful. Only a jelly-fish permeated with phosphorus; and the shining web which flung its stars of splendor through the water, was only a common fisherman's net; and the two dimly outlined figures, sitting side by side, so motionless, thrilled each with the presence of the other, were only a man and woman, lifted for the moment into paradise.

"If I could make you happy," whispered Eleanor at last.

"You made me very unhappy last night," came Anthony's deep murmur back.

"I did not mean — I did not know. I was so startled, so shocked."

"Shocked, Eleanor? Why?"

"I had never, never thought of it; and all this time I have been — Oh, what must you have thought of me?"

"Thought of you?" said Anthony, softly. "If you ask what I have really thought of you —" It was not that she meant, of course; but if he chose to take it so, how was she to prevent him? "Shall I tell you what I have thought of you? That you were the best, the sweetest, the most unselfish sister; the kindest, gentlest daughter; the dearest friend —"

"The air grows cold," said Anthony, after a while; "let me draw the plaid closer; you must not catch a chill."

All at once his tone takes the tender authority so exquisite to a woman's ear in the voice of the man she loves. "I am going to take charge of you now," continues he. "You are mine, say what you will, after this. Take your hand out of the water, Eleanor."

How different was the care with which he guarded her footsteps up over the slippery tangle, to that with which he had escorted her down! Then, it had been with a half-resolute, half-doubtful hand, — fearful lest he should give offence, yet bent on holding such position as he had; then, too, he had hurried along 'twixt ardor and trepidation to his fate: now, all was softness, tenderness, lingering.

Shrouded by the kindly dusk he drew her gently forward, one arm supporting while the other led; and ere they quitted the treacherous pathway, more than a promise had been drawn from her lips. The flare of a lamp through the open hall-



door, revealed to the laggards that all the rest of the party were there before them. They had only just been missed. Alexander was in the act of saying, "Why, I thought they had come up some time ago," when they appeared, to put a stop to all surmises.

"And I think we had a rare good night's sport," continued the host, having ascertained that all had gone well. "What do you say, Anthony? The best we have had since you came, eh?"

"Incomparably the best."

"Two hundred and thirteen head among us. By no means bad, that."

"Bad? It was excellent, first-rate. I have never enjoyed an evening more."

"Well, then, to supper," said Alexander, sitting down with freshened color and hearty appetite. "I like these jolly suppers afterwards; they are half the fun."

"So they are, upon my word."

"But you, Mr. Delamere, take your enjoyment sadly, as they say Englishmen always do," put in Miss Dot, saucily. "Your poor boatmen must have found it rather *triste* with only you and Eleanour. We had such funny sayings from our two, Hector and Tom, — but we never heard a sound from your quarter."

"Did you not? That was strange. We heard plenty of sounds from yours."

"I dare say; we were laughing all the time. But you — did either of you ever laugh?"

"Only once. I told your sister to take her hand out of the water for fear of cold, and she laughed at me!"

Dot stared.

"And I will laugh, or at least smile," continued the speaker, boldly, "if you will do me the great favor of taking this chair, instead of the one you are behind? I have a fancy to sit there to-night."

He wanted to be beside his Eleanour; to be where he could watch over her; exchange a word or look now and then. He was not going to heed the astonishment of the one sister, nor the blush on the other's cheek. They might all see now, if they chose; they had been blind enough before.

And blind they continued to be to the last.

If the marble statue in the hall had suddenly descended from its perch and come amongst them all, they could scarcely have been more amazed and incredulous than when it was made known in what way Eleanour had stepped down from her pedestal. *Eleanour!*

And Anthony, whom they had passed

by and overlooked, and yet regarded with a certain amount of awe, as one who had neither part nor lot in their nonsense, and petty flirtations, and mock love-making, — Anthony to cheat them thus!

Outwitted as he had been, in company with all the rest, Alexander was nevertheless the first to recover; and to do him justice, he was honestly able to exclaim as soon as he could speak, "I never was better pleased in my life."

"But do tell me *how* it was," pleaded Cecil, next day, — for of course Oliver had no companion in his early start; "dear Anthony, I want so very much to know."

"I am sure then, my dear Cis, I can't tell you. I was as much surprised as any one, when I first made the discovery. Somehow it grew upon me. She was not always flying away with the rest; crazed about singing and dancing and fooling; I had time to draw a breath and get to know what Eleanour was like; to find out what was *in* her; and to — well, to get a look into her eyes now and then. And they are beauties! Such fire, and yet such softness! When I read to her — I am reading to her some things I am interested in, just now — I watch the effect, and feel my way by them. Poor child! She had no notion what I was about. She was so grand and so frigid at first, — so patronizing, that it was really delightful. You have no idea how piquant it was to wait for the unveiling of the real Eleanour, as bit by bit she came out of herself when no one was by. All the grandmotherly airs fell away, and the charms peeped out one by one. Bless you, my dear girl, you don't know Eleanour! You wait till we have been married a few months, and your eyes will be opened!"

"It was her own wish, her own doing," murmured Cecil.

"Her own doing, certainly; that was the droll part of it. I have seen many a woman laid on the shelf against her will; but I never saw one systematically cling to it of her own accord. It was all I could do to dislodge my fair Eleanour. She gave me a buffet for my pains — metaphorically — at the first suggestion; and last night I had to argue and entreat for half the evening, before I could obtain a hearing at all! Oh no, she had settled it entirely in her own mind. She had her father and sisters, and you and Alexander and the children, to care for; and she had done with marriage, and all thoughts of the kind. But I found the soft spot at



last. No, you need not think you are going to get it out of me; my conduct was quite shabby enough at the time, without betraying my sweetheart afterwards."

"She *would* be old, and *was* so young," he went on, musing. "That excess of sober solemnity, and all the impetuosity beneath! Those black gowns too!"

"Pray, what had they to do with it?"

"Showed off her figure to such advantage as no others could ever have done. On our wedding-day I suppose I must submit to white, or whatever is proper, — but afterwards she must return to the robe in which she won my heart."

Eleanour, on her part, could not find one-half so much to say.

She wept, and blushed, and begged their forgiveness, as if she had done them all an injury. She who had been so particular with them all, and so earnest that the proprieties should be observed, even to the minutest particular, to have been thus caught in her own trap! And to be sure, it was on Anthony that her attention had been chiefly fixed, — resolved that, whatever she and Cecil might in private dare to hope for, there should be no attempts to engage his notice; no meetings without surveillance; nothing whatever inconsistent with severe decorum. Her vigilance had relaxed only when it became so palpably unnecessary, as to make continuation of it ridiculous.

And that off her mind, she had given herself up to the pleasure of his companionship, — had allowed herself to listen, untroubled by any sense of danger, to the modulations of his treacherous voice. As long as he kept only to *her*, no cares could burden her conscience; she was free to enjoy; and keenly had she enjoyed, deeply had she drunk, of the intoxicating cup.

Then came the awakening.

Only on the previous evening, only when he came out to her under the jessamine bower, while the others were dancing within, and said that which burst in upon her dream like the blast of a trumpet, — only then had she guessed what all this was leading to.

And could they not, one and all, bear witness to her unwillingness to go on the water the next night? Could they not testify that it was only because she had been compelled to do so, that she had yielded at last? See what had come of it!

"If you had but let me do as I said," cried Eleanour, 'twixt laughing and sob-

bing, "if you had only allowed me to stay behind, he would never have had the chance of speaking a second time!"

She was subdued thenceforth beyond recovery. In the interval before the marriage took place, if ever a controlling frown crossed her brow, or a didactic word escaped her lips, it was the signal for a jeer, a taunt, a smile of derision.

Eleanour was Eleanour no longer.

Even the prospect of there being no successor to the throne she was quitting, — no one to reign as she had reigned, to judge, ordain, punish, and pardon, — did not move her to grasp the reins of government whilst she could. She threw them down then and there acknowledging her failure.

She was once more a bride ere the leaves were off the trees; and this time, of her complete and entire happiness no fears were entertained by anybody.

In Anthony she found equality of mind, congeniality of temperament, and the concentrated affection of a man who loves neither easily nor often. In her he experienced the charm of being united to an intelligent companion; of being subject daily to the influence of a cheerful, unselfish disposition; and of being looked at across his own table by the finest eyes in the world.

The manuscript which was contraband at Crichton, was openly sent into the world from Blatchworth; and it may confidently be affirmed that it owed no small portion of its merits and its success to the assistance of its first critic. The attention it attracted, added to their own superiority of intellect and amiability of temper, soon obtained for Anthony and his wife any society they chose among the learned, the gifted and the witty; but having thus unexpectedly distinguished themselves before the world, it is clear that they can no longer claim to figure under the title of "non-performers."

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From The Nineteenth Century.

RELIGION, ACHAIAN AND SEMITIC.

A DISTINGUISHED author\* has done me the honor to make a reply to my paper published in this review, and entitled "The Olympian System *versus* the Solar Theory." In this reply he states his objections with a courtesy, which I shall strive to imitate, but cannot hope to

\* Sir George Cox.

excel. I am sorry, however, to observe that they begin with the title. The solar theory, he thinks, is not legitimately so called; and as to the Olympian system, he conceives that it does not exist. Let me endeavor to give him, upon both points, such satisfaction as I can.

1. It is not open to me to claim the privilege of genius, and fall back upon the method of Lord Byron; who, on finding himself wrong in an assertion respecting Mr. Hallam, said the name must stand in the verse, until he was supplied with some other name, dissyllabic and not less euphonious, of a person respecting whom the assertion could be truly made.\* It is not convenient or mannerly to force on the advocate of any system a name for it which he disavows; but Sir George Cox has not supplied me with a substitute for a phrase which I thought had been accepted, inasmuch as the sun is the centre of what is called the solar theory, as he is of what is called the solar system, though in both there are other things besides the sun. By the solar theory, I mean that theory which teaches that the religion of all the Aryan races had the worship of external nature, and especially of light, and the sun as the centre of light, for its source, and its primary stage. But I will avoid as far as possible the use of an epithet, which one of the most distinguished among the champions of the theory appears to disavow.

2. On the other hand, it seems hard to deny the existence of the "Olympian system," seeing that I have described it as "the Greek mythology of the Troic epoch, or as exhibited in the poems of Homer," meaning of course the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and seeing that those poems unquestionably set forth a thearchy of a very marked and particular form, as well as a scheme of worship, and a set of moral ideas placed in a certain relation to that scheme.

My object has been to give aid towards ascertaining what is the relation between the Olympian system, so described, and the doctrine of those who deny any other fountain-head of Aryan religions than the worship of external nature.

There is not, Sir George Cox appears to think, a real or necessary antagonism between his theory and my own view. If there is such an antagonism, it is only, in my view, to the monopoly claimed for it as a thing universally proved. I do not

presume to construct a theory, but I uphold certain propositions at which I have arrived, without any preconceptions whatever, from patient and prolonged study of the text of Homer; not any wider or more comprehensive belief, drawn from other sources. These propositions include the avowal (1) that nature-worship seems to have entered largely and fundamentally into the religion of the Trojans as represented in the *Iliad*; and (2) that there are traces of it among his Achaian Greeks, as a system superseded, in his "Olympian" scheme, by a different formative idea, yet one which apparently had had its period of ascendancy in the country, and which may probably have survived its own downfall as a central idea in the obscurer forms of merely local practice and belief.

This rejection or supersession of nature-worship as a central idea was not, in my view as drawn from the poems, a gratuitous act due to the mere fancy or inclination of the poet. It was the casting out of the strong man by a stronger man: a displacement due to the entrance into the land of persons and races distinct from, and superior in intellect, or knowledge, or capability, or energy, or in all or some of these to, the inhabitants whom they found already in possession. Of these it is evident, from the poems, that a portion were non-Aryan, and were included under that name which Homer employed with so wide a range, the name of Phœnicians. But there is also a portion of the population, to whom we have no reason for denying the name of Aryans, and in whose case we can find no trace of a basis of nature-worship for their religion. This is the Achaian or properly Hellenic portion: and these are they, to whom it is most reasonable to ascribe, if not under the direct dictates of the text, yet in obedience to its suggestions and in conformity with its contents, those elements of the Olympian system which lifted it above the materialism or pantheism of nature-worship, as well as above the gross and filthy sensualism of the East. This, I say, was the Hellenic portion; the third, and the loftiest, of the great factors which supply in the poems the materials of their Olympian system. This Hellenic element, of which Achilles is the flower and the pattern, had already gained its social and political ascendancy, and become the basis, or *norm*, of national character. But, as is usual in matters of history, facts preceded theories; and these facts, in times later than that of Homer, found their indication in the epi-

\* "See honest Hallam lay aside the fork,  
Resume his pen, and praise his lordship's work."  
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

gram which invents a supposititious Helen, with Doros, Ion, Aiolos, and Achaios for his sons or descendants.

That system was accordingly in my view the composite result of an ethnical fusion of a number of races, influences, and traditions: and therefore very far from "the result of a deliberate revolt against an elemental or nature-worship." Here again the facts preceded the theory; and these facts were ethnical. The composite origin of the Greek nation is undeniable. Every page of Homer bears witness to it; and tradition outside of the poems, diversified as it is, testifies in a variety of forms to the same truth. I greatly mistrust the predominant authority, sometimes assigned to *a priori* reasoning. Yet it has its place; and, without presuming to build upon it, I will observe that, where serious diversity of race coincides with the prevalence of a strong political genius, there could hardly be any result in the domain of religion other than that it should be composite. I speak of cases where the ethnical elements were well suited for cohesion, and where the several creeds did not claim to be stamped with the marks of special origin or of an exclusive authority. The aim of what I have written is to place the origin of the Olympian system in accordance with facts: with ethnical facts which dictated silently, and by no means in the manner of a deliberate revolt against anything, the limits of existence and development for the several forms of religious tradition brought into the country; which established a *modus vivendi* between them; and which (apparently) made it possible for the powerful, comprehensive, and sympathetic genius of Homer to compound or adjust them into a literary system, which took its commanding place in Greek tradition, and which through some fifteen centuries, for purposes practical, or political, or at the least negative, satisfied the mind of Greece and of the Western civilization.

But for all these ethnical facts, in connection with the genesis of the Olympian system, undoubtedly the poems of Homer are the great source of testimony. And here I find in the method followed by Sir George Cox what seems to me a bar to progress. While I try the character of Apollo upon Homeric evidence, he refers that divinity to a pure light-parentage mainly by evidence which is non-Homeric; take for example the Hymn to Apollo, as to which I think I may claim to have performed the easy and almost superflu-

ous task of demonstrating\* that it is not, cannot be, Homer's. In truth he declines my first and main postulate; which is, that the poems shall be recognized as an independent source of evidence, and that the determination to throw them into hotchpot along with the whole promiscuous mass of Greek traditions resting upon much later testimony can only result in confusion and give scope to the votaries of every theory to establish it by choosing out of the miscellaneous mass such ingredients as they find suitable to their purpose. In the Iliad and the Odyssey, Sir George Cox sees the work not of one Homer but of several, denies that the Homer known to Plato was the Homer known to Æschylus, and denies also that the mass of Greek mythology is to be regarded as of later growth than the picture of it drawn in the poems. But in all my reasoning upon the Olympian system I presuppose certain conclusions about the authority due to the poems; I claim for them that they offer a vast body of ancient and consistent testimony, standing by itself with little or nothing which can be shown to approach to it in antiquity, stamped with all the internal features of unity, and subjected in a marked degree to all the best tests of verification by applying to the several portions of an extensive and highly varied text the rules of a truly comparative mythology.

When therefore Sir George Cox asks *why* we are to gather the Achaian conception of Demeter only from the Iliad and the Odyssey, the reply is ready made for me. It is because there is no other body of evidence relating to the Achaian or heroic period: and this witness, when interrogated about "the bright-eyed maiden dragged away by the chariot of Hades from the plains of Enna" and the bitter grief of the mother transfigured into radiant joy, replies that there are no plains of Enna within his circumscribed geography; that his Demeter is not agitated either by any bitter grief, or the sweet troubles of radiant joy; that his Persephonè is not a bright-eyed maiden unwillingly detained below ground, but a solemn, unseen queen, who is apt to send forward a Gorgon head to warn off those who may be disposed to pierce the penetralia of the underworld and appear in her awful presence-chamber.† And I as counsel suggest that this beautiful photo-

\* See "Homeric Synchronism," chap. i.

† Od. xi. 634.

graph of the Sicilian scene bears unmistakably a master's name, with a place and a date, far other than those claimed by my client, the Achaian Homer.

The next case taken is that of Hermes. His acts in the *Odyssey*, in the opinion of Sir G. Cox, are marked by great gravity and decorum: but how can we be sure that the poet of the *Odyssey* knew nothing of the tale told in the hymn? Now, we cannot be sure that he was ignorant of political economy, or of natural selection. But surely in archaic as well as in modern inquiry we must deal with what a witness gives us, and we are not free to speculate on what we "cannot be sure" but that he might have given us. In this case indeed it is evident that the poet of the *Odyssey* had some knowledge common to him with the author of the hymn; for his Hermes is by no means a pattern of gravity and decorum, inasmuch as (*Od. xix. 396*) he instructed Autolukos in theft and perjury. But neither this tradition nor anything else in the *Odyssey* in the least degree sustains the conception of Hermes as a solar or elemental power. Sir G. Cox asks whether the Achaians may not have worshipped him as the wind. But (1) the burden of proof lies with him, and he gives none; (2) the poet of the *Iliad* with some appearance of care excludes the winds from the Olympian court (*xxiii. 192-216*), to which, in both the poems, Hermes evidently belongs.

The third case is that of Zeus. And here it is admitted that his relation to the material heaven is that of a ruler, but alleged that he is always bound to remain in it while other gods can "visit the earth and take part in the quarrels of mortal men." Now undoubtedly Zeus does not enter into the details of battles; this is forbidden by his dignity. But he visits the earth freely, if not familiarly. He directs the battle through other agents, or without any second cause (*Il. xiii. 2*): he uses the earth for his own purposes, and its grass and flowers are made to minister to his enjoyment (*xiv. 338*).

Lastly, says Sir G. Cox, the parentage of Apollo is still less equivocal. But again he has to flood his pages with matter drawn from the hymn which cannot be the work of Homer (or let him show that it can), and with Indian tradition whose relevancy is assumed. Now this case is the one most fatal of all to those who are daring enough to associate the nature-cult with the Olympian system. For if Apollo be in that scheme of *cultus* at all, he can be nothing but the sun:

and from the place of the sun Homer has shut him out in the most effectual manner, by providing another individuality to fill it. As far as we can judge from the poems, Apollo was a divinity of universal worship: and if in lands not Achaian he stood for the sun, this fact only gives greater emphasis to the opposing Achaian tradition recorded in the poems, where he is so carefully severed from all solar action, and is not even among the deities provided with a chariot and horses, possibly to make this severance more thorough.

I do not for a moment dispute, indeed I am forward to allege, that Homer was acquainted with notions, or even perhaps systems, of elemental religion. But the evidence stands before us, as a strong, impregnable fact, that he framed or followed a scheme which passed them by, cast them into the shade, put in their place another dominant idea, and worked it out in a manner singularly dominant and comprehensive. He did this, without doubt, not as an arbitrary instructor, but as the masterly manipulator of the specific tradition of his own race, the Achaian race: that tradition is a great fact of archaeology, and I want to fasten attention on the question what was its origin.

Not only does the text of Homer offer itself to us armed, or burdened, as the case may be, with these aspiring claims, but it derives a tenfold importance from the fact that the Grecian records nowhere else offer us any similar code of information. No human ingenuity could draw from Pausanias or Apollodoros the materials of a consistent and full-bodied scheme. It is impossible to construct out of the rich and splendid literature of the classical age, or from the works of the philosophers, any consistent, comprehensive, and living conception, either of Greek mythology, or of Greek religion, in relation to the nation and its daily life. But such a conception it is that, as matter of fact and not speculation, is presented to us by the poems as they stand. It would hardly be too much to say that we can understand from them the religious life of the Homeric period as well as we can understand from the records of the Christian Church and of Christendom what has been the religious life of the early and of many later Christians. We are not on this account to tamper with the laws of evidence. Nay, rather than this, it might be held that we ought to put the poems all the more rigidly to the proof of their title. Be it so. But let us

keep the two questions distinct in our minds, as they are distinct in their nature. And they are no less distinct, than the question of the title to an estate, from the question of the quality of its climate, or the amount of its rental.

Nothing then, it is evident, can be more clearly separated than the argument *for* the Homeric text, and the argument *from* the Homeric text; the argument *for* the unity, and the argument *from* the unity. To mix the two is simply to bewilder the whole controversy.

Besides postulating the recognition of the text, my design requires that it shall be sifted and canvassed with the utmost minuteness. It is to be searched, not like a picture-gallery by a visitor, but like a vein of earth in a good "placing" by a gold-finder. The items of evidence it supplies are not to be counted by units or by tens, nor yet by hundreds, but by thousands. And here we come upon one of the greatest of our difficulties: the great breadth and diversity of the fields of archæological and philological inquiry over which the Homeric question, when taken in its entirety, is found to range. I have not yet seen or heard of any man who has adequately studied them all. For myself, I tremble to pronounce any judgment or even to hazard a conjecture outside the immediate area of the Homeric poems. And I must say boldly, though I trust not offensively, that I have not yet known of any case in which the able and ingenious reasoners on the origin of religion in general, or of Aryan religion, have at all recognized the duty of that minute investigation of the evidence of the poems, without which I am confident no trustworthy results can be drawn from this particular portion of the field of archaic inquiries. These results, when drawn out and stated, can of course have no convincing force with those whose minds are already possessed by a pre-conceived theory that excludes them. That they should reject them is a matter of course: that they should accept them can only be desired when they shall have conformed to the severe conditions of a laborious and minute inquiry, which if they had the inclination they probably have not the time to undertake. The true Homeric reader has not yet acquired an adequate knowledge of the results obtained from comparative philology or religion outside Homer: and, if I am right, the laborers in this wider field have not yet appropriated and digested the results of thorough Homeric reading.

It may be said that this representation of the case condemns inquirers to perplexity, and readers to despair. Not so. What it really inculcates is not despair, but patience. Let Egyptology, Assyriology, Homerology, and the whole chubby and growing family of *ologies* work on steadily in the collection and classification of materials, without limit, and in the suggestion of inferences from them with no other reserve than this one important condition, that they shall not present to the world their provisional and hypothetical results as accepted facts, or demonstrated conclusions. How much error and confusion have arisen or may arise from overleaping this barrier of reserve, there is no present occasion to consider. The office of a genuine inquirer and collector of facts, if humble, is honorable. But if he is determined to forestall the future, if the grub is resolved to play the butterfly, then, inasmuch as his future is one that never may arrive, instead of growing into a discoverer, he may eventually stand revealed as an impostor.

When the *Realien* or positive contents of the Homeric poems shall have been at length collected and published, they will with a vast economy of labor be gradually distilled through the brains of a number of competent men, such for example as those who have theorized at large on nature-worship, men who will have time to consider the evidence, but would not have had time to collect it. Then there will grow up, one by one, a body of approved results; and these, taking their proper places through the force of intellectual gravitation, will obtain their final certificates as portions of the established knowledge of mankind.

Having stated, above, the two propositions in which I find myself on ground which accords with the theory of nature-worship, I will now state my propositions as to that portion of the evidence from the poems which gives no support to the theory. I premise that for brevity's sake I shall call the three great factors of Greek religion by the respective names of Pelasgian, Asiatic, and Hellenic.

In the Asiatic factor I include all that may have come through the Phœnician channel, whether from Assyria, or Syria, or Egypt. Of the Homeric deities, Poseidon, Hephaistos, Hermes, and Aphrodite plainly are associated with it. My further propositions then are these:—

1. This Asiatic element seems to have no positive signs in the poems of elemental



connection in any of its deities, except a residuary trace in Hephaistos of a relation to fire, which may or may not be indicative of a more extended or intimate relation of the same kind outside the Homeric or Achaian system. Thus, for example; where, in Troas, Hephaistos overcomes the hostile action of the rivers by the element of fire at his command, the expression used is (Il. xxi. 342) *τιτρώκετο θεσπιδάες πῦρ*, which, though it does not require, yet from its simple directness admits, the materializing idea. With regard to Poseidon in particular, it is impossible to bring any theory of an elemental origin into accordance with the Homeric evidence. If the theory of nature-worship is to be made good for him, or for Hermes, or for Aphrodite, it must be by testimony drawn from sources wholly separate.

2. With regard to the Hellenic element of the Olympian religion, the presumptions against the theory are stronger. The case stands thus. We find in the poems a group of traditions, apparently associated with the Achaian factor of the nation, which are anthropomorphic in a fashion and degree such as to render it highly improbable that they could have been mere impersonations of natural phenomena, with an exception (Iris) such in its character as to confirm the rule. It is still more in opposition to the theory, that this group of Olympian facts and personages bears a strong resemblance to the Semitic traditions of the book of Genesis. I have found the force of this resemblance continually to grow with the careful and comprehensive collection of the evidence in detail. And the presumptions adverse to the theory of nature-worship, as an exclusive theory, are still further heightened when we observe in certain of the Hellenic personages of the Olympian system, such as Apollo, signs that in some other lands divine personages having points of correspondence with him had such attributes as to connect them, more or less, with systems of nature-worship. For the question then arises whether this purely personal and theanthropic conception is not the original conception, whether the relation to natural objects is not later and superinduced, whether the Homeric poems may not be a corroborative witness to the book of Genesis as to the form under which the idea of God was first made known to or conceived by the race of Adam.

I will not at present use the phrase, however familiar, of primitive revelation,

because that involves the consideration and solution of other questions not necessary for the present purpose, and likely to import warmth, or at least prepossession, into the inquiry. It is an inquiry which ought to be carried on with the same cool and clear impartiality as if we were osteologists who had found a bone and were trying to fix the animal to whose configuration it belonged, or mathematicians who had to choose between the best probable modes of solving a complicated equation. Here are before us a group of traditions which appear to connect themselves with the Hellenic or Achaian factor of the Greek nation: whose entire spirit is alien alike to the worship of animals and of inanimate nature: and which present marked resemblances to many, and marked conformity or combatibility with all the main features of the Hebrew tradition recorded in Genesis. The whole question is whether these resemblances and this compatibility indicate a common origin. It is neither more than this, nor less. And it cannot be disposed of by contempt, or neglect, or indolent superficiality, or adventurous theory made conspicuous in the world's eye by walking upon stilts. It must be tried by the laws of evidence, the established rules of reason and probability. It will not do to say, —

All the Aryan religions had their origin in nature-worship.

This is a case of an Aryan religion.

Therefore it had its origin in nature-worship;

as long as the major proposition is faced by a set of pre-historic traditions, belonging to a particular Aryan race, strongly opposed in their present form to the idea and scope of nature-worship, and not yet shown to have been converted into that present form by a metamorphic operation such as to reverse the whole principle of their life, the whole basis on which they rest, by the substitution of the theanthropic or anthropomorphic idea for the *cultus* of external nature.

Mr. Fairbairn, in the first part of his lately published "Studies on the Philosophy of Religion," has rendered much aid to inquirers by his independence of sentiment, and his directness and clearness in expression. It is our own fault if we fail to understand him: and a sketch of his leading propositions will set out for us a well-defined position in the face of the problem that we have to solve.

On grounds which appear to me quite insufficient, but which it is unnecessary

now to discuss, Mr. Fairbairn wholly repudiates the idea of a primitive revelation (p. 13). I accept his dictum under protest for the purpose of the present argument, since the aim of that argument is to deal with the evidence and the probabilities of the case on grounds entirely apart from either the proof or the assumption of such a revelation. If the upshot of this process shall be to bring out the primitive idea of God in a form accordant with that form which certain records purporting to embody such a revelation exhibit, that is a fit matter for consideration in its own place: at present we have nothing to do with it.

Mr. Fairbairn seeks to follow up to its very cradle the idea of God among our Indo-European or Iranian ancestors, and to trace its lineaments as he finds them there exhibited. He recognizes the tendency of the Semitic races to monotheism (p. 16), and considers that Indo-European man not only has been tolerant of the different gods of different nations, but has conceived the divine unity as abstract, while the Semite holds it as personal. The "Indo-European tendency was to religious multiplicities, but to philosophic unities" (p. 17). The god of a religion is an object of worship; the deity of a philosophy is a product of speculation.

As an historical basis, Mr. Fairbairn assumes (1) the original unity of the Indo-European nations; (2) the existence of the rudimentary form of their civilization before they separated; (3) the connection of their several mythologies with the faith of the still united family, as of branches with their parent stem (p. 18). These propositions will probably, in their general form of expression, be admitted.

He considers it undeniable that these mythologies resolve themselves into simpler and fewer elements, the farther they are traced back. The Greek polytheism is formed by a confluence of several streams, which can be traced to their respective Indo-European, Pelasgic, Hellenic, Oriental, and Egyptian fountain-heads (p. 20). So likewise, "centuries behind the Vedas," we can trace the point of severance between two streams, which parted to form the Indian and Iranian peoples, with their respective religions. Subsequently to this parting, philology shows us that there were fewer gods than in the Vedic age, but more than before the separation (p. 22). With these new gods a priesthood had arisen; during the time of the unity of the Aryan race, "the

proper name of one God" had come into use, and this name in its different forms, Dyaus, Zeus, and the rest, pervades the branches of the Aryan family (p. 24). There was also a term expressive of the idea of deity similarly pervasive; subject however, to a doubt whether the Greek *θεός* has a radical affinity with *deus* and the other unquestioned members of the family (p. 25). The co-existence of the two is an indication of polytheism; for us, there is no distinction between deity and God. The general or abstract name seems to have been the older, and to have been at first individual, so that individuality is the starting-point (p. 28). Dyaus was Deva, *Ζεὺς ὁ θεός* (p. 29); it is in conformity with this representation that amidst the strongly marked polytheism of the Homeric poems we find their Zeus holding a relation to their *theos*, which is held by none other of the gods.

Admitting the sense of *Dyaus*, and of *Deva*, to be related to light, Mr. Fairbairn refuses to admit that the distinction of sex in deities, and the marriage of heaven and earth, belongs to a primitive stage of religion. Earth is not so old a goddess, as heaven is a god (p. 30). The German *Zio* has no consort. "The separation of the sexes implies an anthropomorphism, rudimentary indeed but real" (p. 31). This, I apprehend, is a proposition alike true and pregnant. It leads, of course, to this among other modes of application — that whenever we find in a mythology facts which belong to an order not based on separation of the sexes, we have an indication of a primitive or very ancient tradition. Such, in the Homeric poems, is the remarkable case of Athenè. Arès, after he has been wounded by Diomed, sharply expostulates with his father Zeus for the partiality which induces him to allow to this goddess unbridled freedom of action. She was a pet, and a privileged disturber of the peace of the Olympian halls, because he was her sole parent.

ἀλλ' ἀνείης, ἐπεὶ αὐτὸς ἐγέναιτο παῖδ' Ἀθήνην.\*

Hence arises a presumption that the mythological origin of Athenè from the brain of Zeus was the mythical form of a tradition older than the anthropomorphic constitution of the Olympian court; and this presumption is sustained by a great deal of independent evidence.

\* Il. v. 880. The same meaning is perhaps conveyed by v. 875, *οὐ γὰρ τέκετ' ἄφρονα κοῦρη, αὐτὴ τέκετ'* in the *Iliad* is usually applied to the mother; there are, however, instances, in ordinary parentage, to the contrary.

And the worship of *Dyaus*, says Mr. Fairbairn, may be termed a nature-worship, because one word was the name both of heaven and of God; but nature is here only a synonym for God (pp. 33, 38). Nature personified was only nature conceived as living (p. 34); but Indo-European religion founded itself on divine fatherhood, Semitic on divine sovereignty (p. 37). Imagination supplied the physical, conscience the moral part of the conception.

Terror, distempered dreams, fear of the unknown causes of the accidents and destructive phenomena of nature, the desire to propitiate the angry ghosts of ancestors deceased — none of these could have produced the simple, sublime faith of our Indo-European manchild (p. 38).

Here subsisted a faith, in which naturalism and spiritualism existed together harmoniously as form and matter, letter and spirit (p. 42); when they part, the higher element predominates in the Iranian, the lower in the Indian branch. In later developments we find *not the moral emerging slowly from the physical, but the physical eclipsing the moral.*

We require, therefore, a faculty generative of these primary religious acts and ideas, and we have it in conscience. Consciousness and conscience rose together (p. 43).

The idea of God was thus given in the very same act as the idea of self: neither could be said to precede the other (p. 43).

A priesthood was developed in course of time, the result of more toilsome and occupied life, and of a sense of faults and sins (p. 47). And Mr. Fairbairn traces in some detail the probable forms of theogonic and anthropomorphic evolution; as likewise the formation of amalgamated religions, formed from confluences of a diversity of ethnical elements (p. 53).

The general result then is that Mr. Fairbairn traces upwards Indo-European religion from its more complete to its simpler forms, until he finds it in that condition which is generally understood by the word monotheism, but which, it must be admitted, is more accurately designated as henotheism, the affirmative belief in one God without the sharply defined exclusive line, which makes it a belief in him as the only God. This latter form of monotheism proper may be rather the Semitic than the Aryan conception. But having mounted up so far towards the fountain-head, is there anything to prevent us from proceeding further? Having got behind the elemental

forms in which the Indian conceptions of deity were, as time flowed on, more and more thickly clothed; having dismissed the motley tribe, the *bunt Gewimmel* of the European mythologies, and reached that inner sanctuary, in which God is conceived as one God, ruler of the world and man; having come within an easy stage of the Semitic conception as it is defined by historical and philological inquirers, is there any reason why we should halt at such a point, or why that stage also should not be traversed, and why we should not examine whether there be or be not an original identity between the Indo-European and the Semitic conceptions of the deity respectively?

Let it not for a moment be supposed that I seek to beg this question. I have only pleaded, thus far, that there is no legitimate bar to an examination into the evidence.

The great authority for the Semitic conception of God is acknowledged to be found in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, and especially, I apprehend, in the traditions which the book of Genesis records. Around these records there gathered among the Jews a group of illustrative oral traditions, only committed, or only known to have been committed, to writing at periods comparatively so late, that their claim to authority must principally depend upon their accordance, their inner sympathy, so to speak, with the more authentic forms of the written books.

Now the idea of deity is revealed, or let me say exhibited, in these ancient records not alone but with accompaniments. It is (1) exhibited not absolutely and exclusively under the idea of a unity, but also under the idea of a tri-unity. Man, the vassal and creature of this deity, is also subjected to the action (2) of a tempting spirit, that solicits and misleads him into disobedience, sorely perverting and enfeebling, without wholly destroying, his true relation to his legitimate ruler. This tempting and misleading spirit, which brings no compensation for the injury it inflicts, is exhibited (3) under the figure of the serpent. (4) The tree, as well as the serpent, forms a prominent figure in the imagery which describes the great moral catastrophe of our race. (5) There is a deliverer who, in the future, not without suffering to himself, shall effectually quell the serpent-tempter, working the divine will against him, and re-establishing the harmony, of which he had brought about the breach. (6) In this deliverer, the purpose of whose life and

being is so identified with the will of the Supreme, the character of humanity is strongly marked by his description as the seed of the woman, and to the woman, who thus forms the link between him and our common humanity, a certain glory cannot but attach in respect of this most solemn and mysterious relationship. (7) One and only one physical phenomenon is, in Genesis, associated with the establishment and assurance of peace in the natural world between God and man. It is the rainbow, which is appointed, says the book, to tell from God to man, as often as it appears, that the covenant of order is still in force. (8) The sublime conception of the wisdom of God appears only in the later Scriptures in connection with a personality; but it is claimed by the Hebrews as a part of their tradition, and when it thus appears, it appears as annexed to the character of the deliverer, and as forming one side or manifestation of that character. (9) We are also from nearly the earliest date introduced to the practice of animal sacrifice, which is offered, after man has developed at least into nomad communities, without the medium of a priestly caste. (10) These later Scriptures also describe to us a "war in heaven," with the defeat and ejection of the spirits rebellious against the Most High. So far all I may say is undisputed. Nor is any question thus raised as to a primitive revelation. These traditions are placed before us only as being, like other traditions, matter of fact; and this, whether they truly report facts, or whether they do not.

It is at this point that the evidence offered to us with remarkable abundance and multiformity by the poems of Homer puts in, as I conceive, its claim to a distinctive function altogether its own. It is true, indeed, that in various quarters we may find abundance of fragmentary coincidences, in the practice or religion of Indo-European races, with the remarkable group of Hebrew traditions, of which I have thus briefly reminded the reader. It may suffice for the present to refer to the worship of the serpent and the tree, and the remarkable association between them. But it is only in the Homeric poems, so far as I know, that we find a reproduction of every one of these extraordinary characteristics of the Hebrew narrative; an assemblage which nearly exhausts the distinctive features of the most ancient Scriptures. For, among these features, there is only the deluge of which the poems do not bear the trace.

It is found in other tracts of literature and tradition, but as having probably come in through later contact with the East, and not presenting the presumptions of direct derivation from an archaic source, which I contend may reasonably attach to the poems. And the analogues of these Hebrew traditions, which the verse of Homer supplies, are not mere copies or mechanical reproductions, but bear the marks of transmission through the mind of a race with a different tendency and a genius original to itself, and appear in forms attempted to that genius and that tendency. Those marks are principally as follows.

1. In the Hebrew Scriptures not only is the idea of sin, which had been manifested at the first, carefully preserved, but it is educated, enlarged, and developed, so that in the historic ages it becomes a strong and sharp mark of mental and moral severance between the Jew and the Gentile. In the Hellenic race, which is cut off from the searching discipline and training accorded to the Semitic Hebrews, this idea becomes by degrees more and more faint.

2. The powerful imagination of the Greek, seeking for congenial pasture, lays hold upon the anthropomorphic element, which the Hebrew tradition of the deliverer manifestly introduces into religion, that is to say into the consideration of the relation between God and man. The idea thus supplied it freely enlarges and applies in the prevailing humanism of the entire Olympian system.

3. As in these two particulars the Hellenic, and especially the Achaian, form of religion is broadly distinguished from that of the Hebrew-Semite, so in a third point it is marked off from the systems of other races, who had a less elevated conception of human nature than the children of Hellas. Wherever, in the Hebrew tradition, there is an opening for religious reverence or superstition to gather itself round an object inferior to man, that opening is in the Homeric poems, and in the Olympian system, effectually barred. The ox, habitually offered in sacrifice, grew into an object of worship, and to such worship, as we know, the Hebrews themselves were curiously and fatally prone. In Homer there is not so much as the idea of animal-worship; but the ox, in the Eastern sphere of his outer geography, becomes the consecrated animal and favorite of the sun, whom he evidently regards as the prevailing divinity of the Eastern

lands. The worship of the serpent, again, spread quickly through the world, and may even be found to throw some light on the contested question as to the unity of the race. In the Hebrew history, the animal has a place most singular and significant. In Homer, there are indeed legendary traces of serpent-worship not Achaian, but the creature comes no nearer to the sphere of religion, than by appearing as a portent for the augur to interpret, and mostly fills the harmless though high character of an heraldic symbol.

If the Achaian system refused to bow the lofty head of man before the inferior orders of animated nature, still less would it stoop before objects belonging to the vegetable kingdom. We have not therefore a sign of tree-worship in Homer; but, as in the other cases, we have the marks that the Hebrew tradition of the tree, associating it with the subject-matter of religion, had passed into the mental stock of the ancestors of the Greeks. Accordingly the tree appears connected with deity in more ways than one; as the lofty oak, out of which the oracles of Zeus were delivered at Dodona, and in the consecrated grove of poplars (*αίγυροι*) which fringed the bank of the great river ocean on the way to the under-world.

And yet once more. We have no evidence from the Scriptures of worship, or even reverence, offered to the rainbow. But the rainbow is placed in the book of Genesis in direct relations with religion; in such relations as to be within a proximate likelihood of attracting religious worship. Accordingly precaution is taken by the Achaian mind against this degradation. And as the ox, the serpent, and the tree were confined within safe precincts, wholly exterior to the Olympian court, so, in the case of the rainbow, there is evoked from the bosom of the natural phenomenon a beautiful anthropomorphic impersonation, under the name of Iris, who becomes an acknowledged member of the Olympian court, and there fulfils the office of messenger between God and man. And it is a striking though a subtle testimony to the purity and antiquity of the conception from which she took her origin, that she is never the messenger of the collective court, as if to show that she had no relations with the variegated family of gods belonging to the composite order. She is the personal messenger of Zeus, and of him only; except that Herè, by a certain derivation or reflection of his attributes, which practically marks this particular goddess, can

also put her services in requisition. All this looks like the poet's manner of telling us that the region of ideas in which his swift and gentle Iris had been born, was the henotheistic region, and that it formed no part of the more promiscuous and more recent formations. So we find, on the one hand, that the poet, to work out his idea, keeps the Iris of Olümpos all along most carefully separated from the Iris of the sky; and that this Olympian agent, on the other hand, never had priest, temple, or sacrifice, never entered into the operative religion of the race, but lived and died only in the theology of Homer.

It is surely no accident, but a law, and a law full of meaning, by which in each of these instances a subtle change is brought to bear, which does not efface the identity of the tradition, but modifies it in accordance with a peculiar genius, and upon a basis of essential uniformity, such as may almost seem to carry an analogy with Grimm's law, which unveils to us the transmutation by an unvarying rule of consonants; the one following the structure of the vocal organs, the other obedient, in a loftier sphere, to the varieties of mind.

Now do not let it be imagined that I profess to have exhibited in this paper the full proof of kinship between the Achaian, or Hellenic, element of the Olympian religion, and those more remarkable traditions recorded or indicated in the Hebrew Scriptures, which form part of the base of the great scheme of faith still dominant over the civilized world, and the ruling development of mankind. To draw out this evidence requires much more than could be supplied by any paper in a review. We should (for example) have to examine the peculiar character and formation of the Homeric trinity, which are such as to require the supposition that it is not a thing indigenous to Greece, or a mere creation of the poet's mind, but has also an historical being, and is imported from an extraneous source. We should require to show the utterly shadowy, nay I must add futile, character of all attempts to explain the character, and the Olympian position, of the profoundly venerated Leto, which do not recognize her root in the great Hebrew tradition of Genesis. Above all we should have to pursue through, not a wilderness, but an order of almost countless details the two great characters of Athenè and Apollo as they stand in Homer, stamped at almost every



point with the clearest evidence of sharp severances from the other members of the Olympian family who gather around the throne of Zeus, and with notes difficult or impossible of explanation except when we find the key in the Hebrew doctrines of the Deliverer and the Wisdom.

What I seek now to point out is this: that it is a grave matter for the inquiry and consideration of competent persons whether the Homeric poems, in their representation of Achaian religion, do or do not carry true marks of kindred with the Semitic traditions recorded in the Scriptures of the older Testament. If they do not, *cadit quæstio*. But I have even here shown certain tokens of presumption that they do. If they do, the concurrence is one full of weight and meaning. For then the religions of Semite and Indo-European are shown to us as springing from a common source: as having once presented under features of identity what we now trace as features of resemblance.

This chapter of inquiry will then be one complete in itself. It will only add to the able investigation of Mr. Fairbairn that one stage, in which, as it seems to me, he still stops short of the final and crowning truth. It will not be in conflict with the evidence for the solar theory (so to call it) at any point short of that at which the theory, grown as I think over-bold, claims to be, among Aryans at least, both absolutely original and absolutely universal, and disclaims that region lying in the dim distance, the true *incunabula* of its historic or legendary life, which all or some of its most distinguished champions cannot refrain from acknowledging. But undoubtedly it will convert into solid practical roadway what is otherwise morass or quicksand. From it we may travel on to ulterior investigations with increased advantage. And among them will obviously be the inquiry, whether those traditions, now called Semitic, so remarkable in themselves, and thus fortified with fresh evidence of their derivation from the very cradle of our race, were really, with all the touching, all the profound, all the noble elements they embody, the mere inventions of that race's infantine ingenuity, like the playthings of the child-artificer Hephaistos in his deep sea-cave; or whether the Almighty was pleased, by direct instruction from himself, to supply the creatures of his hand, whom he had made subject to special dangers and temptations, with a provision also of special guards and guarantees.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE news of Sir William Markham's death made a great sensation in the neighborhood. It was as if a great house had fallen to the ground, a great tree been riven up by the roots. There are some people whom no one expects ever to die, and he was one of them. There seemed so much for him to do in the world. He was so full of occupation, so well qualified to do it, so precise and orderly in all his ways, every moment of his time filled up. He did not seem to have leisure for all the troublesome preliminaries of dying. But as it happened, he had found the time for them, as we all do, and everybody was astonished. It was whispered in the county that there had been "a very strange scene at his deathbed," and everybody concluded that this was somehow connected with the heir, it being well known that Paul had only appeared the day before his father's death. Some vague rumors on this score flew about in the days which elapsed before the funeral, but nobody could tell the rights of the story, and it had already begun to fade before the great pomp and ceremonial of the funeral day. This was to be a very great day at Markham Royal. In the Markham Arms all the stables were getting cleared out, in preparation for the horses of the gentry who would collect from far and near to pay honor to the last scene in which the member for the county would ever play any part; and all the village was roused in expectation. No doubt it was a very solemn and sad ceremonial, and Markham Royal knew that it had lost its best friend, but, notwithstanding, any kind of excitement is pleasant in the country, and they liked this too in default of better. The little gentleman too, who was living at the Markham Arms, was of great diversion to the village. He gave himself the air of superintending everything that was done at the Markham burying-place. He went about it solemnly — as if it could by any possibility be his business — and he put on all the semblance of one who has lost a relation. He put away his light clothes, and appeared in black, with a hat-band which almost covered his tall hat. The village people felt it very natural that the little gentleman should be proud of his relationship to the Markhams, and should take such a good opportunity of showing it, but those who knew about such mat-

ters laughed a little at the size of his hat-band. "If he had been a son it could not have been larger. Sir Paul himself could not do more," Mr. Remnant, the draper, said.

It happened that Dolly Stainforth was early astir on the funeral morning. She thought it right to get all her parish work over at an early hour, for the village would be full of "company," and indeed Dolly was aware that even in the rectory itself there would be a great many people to luncheon, and that her father's stable would be as full of horses as those of the Markham Arms. She was full of excitement and grief herself, partly for Sir William whom she had known all her life, but still more for Alice and Lady Markham, for whom the girl grieved as if their grief had been her own. She had put on a black frock to be so far in sympathy with her friends, and before the dew was off the flowers had gathered all she could find in the rectory garden, and made them into wreaths and crosses. This is an occupation which soothes the sympathetic mourner. She stood under the shadow of a little *bosquet* on the slope of the rectory garden which looked towards the churchyard, and worked silently at this labor of love, a tear now and then falling upon the roses still wet with morning dew. From where she stood she could see the preparations in the great Markham burying-place, the sexton superintending the place prepared in which Sir William was to lie with his father, the lych-gate under which the procession would pause as they entered, and the path by which they would sweep round to the church. That which was about to happen so soon seemed already to be happening before her eyes. The tears streamed down Dolly's fresh morning cheeks. To die, to be put away under the cold turf, to leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day, seems terrible indeed to a creature so young as she was, so full of life, and on a summer morning all brimming over with melody and beauty. When she shook the tears off her eyelashes she saw a solitary figure coming through the churchyard, pausing for a moment looking at the grave, then turning towards the gate which led into the rectory garden. Dolly put the wreath she was making on her arm, and hastened to meet him. Her heart beat, it was full of sorrow and pity, and yet of excitement too. She went to him with the tears once more streaming from her pretty eyes. "Oh Paul," she said, putting her hand

into his, and able to say no more. Of late she had begun to call him Mr. Markham, feeling shy of her old playfellow and of herself, but she could not stand upon her dignity now. She would have liked to throw her arms round his neck, to console him, to have called him dear Paul. In his trouble it seemed impossible to do too much for him. And Paul on his side took the little hand in both his, and held it fast. The tears rose to his eyes too. He was very grown-up, very tall and solemn, and his mind was full of many a serious thought, but when he had little Dolly by the hand the softest influence of which he was susceptible came over him. "Thank you, Dolly," he said, with quivering lips.

"How are they?" said the little girl, coming very close to his side, and looking up at him with her wet eyes.

"Oh, how can they be?" said Paul; "my mother is worn out, she cannot feel it yet, and Alice is with her night and day."

"Will they come?" said Dolly, with a sob in her voice.

"I fear so; it is too much for them. But I am afraid they will come, whatever I may say."

"Oh, don't you think it is best? Then they will feel that they have not left him, not for a moment, nor failed him as long as there was anything to do."

"But that makes it all the worse when there is nothing to do. I fear for my mother."

"She has got you, Paul, and the children."

"Yes, me; and I did not come till the last. Did you hear that, Dolly—that I wasted all the time when he was dying, and was only here the last day?"

"Dear Paul," said Dolly, giving him her hand again, "you did not mean it. Do you think he does not know now? Oh, you may be sure he understands!" she cried, with that confidence in the advancement of the dead above all petty frailties which is so touching and so universal.

"I hope so," Paul said, with quivering lips; and as he stood here, with this soft hand clasping his, and this familiar, almost childish, voice consoling him, Paul felt as if he had awakened out of a dream. This was the place he belonged to, not the squalid dream to which he had given himself. Standing under those beautiful trees, with this soft, fair, innocent creature comprehending and consoling him, there suddenly flashed before his eyes a vision

of the narrow street, the lamp-post, the children shouting and fighting, and another creature, who did not at all understand him, standing close by him, pressing her advice upon him, looking up at him with eager eyes. A sudden horror seized him even while he felt the softness of Dolly's consoling touch and voice. It quickened the beating of his heart and brought a faintness of terror like a film over his eyes.

"Come and sit down," said Dolly, alarmed. "You are so pale. Oh, Paul, sit down, and I will run and bring you something. You have been shutting yourself up too much; you have been making yourself ill. Oh, Paul! you must not reproach yourself. You must remember how much there is to do."

"Do not leave me, Dolly. I am going to speak to the rector. I am not ill — it was only a sudden recollection that came over me. I have not been so good a son as I ought to have been."

"Oh, Paul! he sees now — he sees that you never meant it," Dolly said. "Do you think they are like us, thinking only of the outside? But you have Lady Markham to think of now."

"And so I will," he said, with a softening rush of tears to his eyes. "Come in with me, Dolly."

Dolly was used to comforting people who were in trouble. She did not take away her hand, but went in with him very quietly, like a child, leading the young man who was so deeply moved. Her own heart was in a great flutter and commotion, but she kept very still, and led him to her father's study and opened the door for him. "Here is Paul, papa," she said, as if Paul had been a boy again, coming with an exercise, or to be scolded for some folly he had done. But afterwards Dolly went back to her wreaths with her heart beating very wildly. She was ashamed and angry with herself that it should be so on such a day — the morning of the funeral. But then it is so in nature, let us chide as we will. One day ends in weeping, and the next thrusts its recollection away with sunshine. Already the new springs of life were beginning to burst forth from the very edges of the grave.

When Paul went away after this last bit of melancholy business (he had come to tell the rector what the hymn was which his mother wished to be sung) he did not see Dolly again. She was putting all her flowers ready with which to cover the darkness of the coffin — a tender ex-

pedient which has everywhere suggested itself to humanity. He went away through the early sunshine, walking with a subdued and measured tread, as a man enters a church not to disturb the worshippers. In Paul's own mind there was a feeling like that of convalescence — the sense of something painful behind yet hopeful before — the faintness and weakness, yet renewal of life, which comes after an illness. There was no anguish in his grief, nor had been after the first agony of self-reproach, when he had experienced, when he perceived, the cruelty of his lingering and reluctance to obey his mother's call. But that was over. He had at least done his duty at the last, and now the feeling in Paul's mind was more that of respectful compassion for his father now withdrawn out of all the happiness of his life, than of any sour, more personal sentiment. The loss of him was not a thing against which his whole soul cried out as darkening heaven and earth to himself. The loss of a child has this effect upon a parent, but that of a parent seldom so affects a child; but he was sorry, with almost a compunctious sense of the happiness of living, for his father who had lost that — who had been obliged to give up wife and children, and his happy domestic life, and his property and influence, and the beautiful world and the daylight. At this thought his heart bled for Sir William, yet for himself beat softly with a sense of unbounded opening and expansion and new possibility. As he walked softly home, his step instinctively so sobered and gentle, his demeanor so subdued, the thoughts that possessed him were wonderful. They possessed him indeed; they were not voluntary, not originated by any will of his, but swept through him as on the wings of the wind, or gently floated with him, filling every nook and corner. He was no longer the same being; the moody, viewy, rebellious young man who was about to emigrate with Spears, to join a little rude community of colonists and work with his hands for his daily bread, and sacrifice all his better knowledge, all the culture of a higher social caste, to rough equality and primitive justice — had died with Sir William. All that seemed to be years behind him. Sometimes they appeared to him as if in a dream, as the discomforts of a past journey or the perils that we have overcome flash upon us in sudden pictures. He saw Spears and Fraser and the rest for a moment gleaming out of the darkness, as

he might have seen a precipice in the Alps on the edge of which for a moment he had hung. It was not that he had given them up; it was that in a moment they had become impossible. He walked on, subdued in his strange convalescence, with a kind of content and resignation and sense of submission. A man newly out of a fever submits sweetly to all the immediate restraints that suit his weakness. He does not insist upon exercises or indulgences of which he feels incapable, but recognizes, with a grateful sense of trouble over, the duty of submitting. This was how Paul felt. He was not glad, but there was in his veins a curious elation, expansion, a rising tide of new life. He had to cross the village street on his way home, and there all the people he met took off their hats or made their curtsy with a reverential respect that arose half out of respect for his new dignities, and half out of sympathy for the son who had lost his father. Just when his mind was soft and tender with the sight of this universal homage, there came up to him a strange little figure, all in solemn black.

"You are going home," said this unrecognizable being. "I will walk with you and talk it over, and let us try if we cannot arrive at an understanding."

Paul put up his hand with sudden impatience. "I can't speak to you to-day," he said hastily.

"Not to-day, the day of our father's funeral; that ought to be the most suitable day of all—and indeed it must be," the little gentleman said.

"Mr. Gaveston," said Paul, "if that is your name——"

"No, it is not my name," said Gus.

"I suppose you lay claim to ours, then? You have no right. But Mr. Markham Gaveston, or whatever you call yourself, you ought to see that this is not the moment. I will not refuse to examine your claims at a more appropriate time," said Paul with lofty distance.

A slight redness came over Gus's brown face. He laughed angrily. "Yes, you will have to consider my claims," he said. And then, after a little hesitation, he went away. This disturbed the current of Paul's languid, yet intense, consciousness. He felt a horror of the man who had thus, he thought, intruded the recollection of his father's early errors to cloud the perfect honor and regret with which he was to be carried to his grave. The interruption hurt and wounded him. Of course the fellow would have to be

silenced—bought off at almost any price—rather than communicate to the world this stigma upon the dead. By-and-by, however, as he went on, the harshness of this jarring note floated away in the intense calm and peace of the sweet atmosphere of the morning which surrounded him. The country was more hushed than usual, as if in sympathy with what was to happen to-day. The very birds stirred softly among the trees, giving place, it might have been supposed, to that plaintive coo of the wood-pigeon "moaning for its mate," which is the very voice of the woods. A soft awe seemed over all the earth—an awe that to the young man seemed to concern as much his own life which was, as the other which was ending. The same awe crept into his own heart as he went towards his home, that temple of grief and mourning from which all the sunshine was shut out. There seemed to rise up within him a sudden sense of the responsibilities of the future, a sudden warmth of resolution which brought the tears to his eyes.

"I will be good," said the little princess, when she heard of the great kingdom that was coming to her; and Paul, though he was not a child, to use that simple phraseology, felt the same. The follies of the past were all departed like clouds. He was the head of the family—the universal guardian. It lay with him to see that all were cared for, all kept from evil; the fortunes of many were in his hands; power had come to him—real power, not visionary, uncertain influence such as he had once thought the highest of possibilities. "I will be good"—this thought swelled up within him, filling his heart.

It was past midday when the procession set out; the whole county had come from all its corners to do honor to Sir William, and the parish sent forth an humble audience, scattered along all the roads, half-sad, half-amused by the sight of all the carriages and the company. When they caught a glimpse of my lady in her deep crape, the women cried, but dried their tears to count the number of those who followed, and felt a vague gratification in the honor done to the family. All the men who were employed on the estate, and the farmers, and even many people from Farboro', the market-town, swelled the procession. Such a great funeral had never been seen in the district. Lady Westland and her daughter, and Mrs. Booth, and the other ladies in the parish, assembled under the rectory

trees, and watched the wonderful procession, not without much remark on the fact that Dolly had gone to the grave with the family, a thing which no one else had been asked to do. It was not the ladies on the lawn, however, who remarked the strange occurrence which surprised the lookers-on below, and which was so soon made comprehensible by what followed. When the procession left the church-door the stranger who was living at the Markham Arms appeared all of a sudden, in the old-fashioned scarves and hat-bands of the deepest conventional woe, and placed himself behind the coffin, in a line with, or indeed a little in advance of, Paul. There was a great flutter among the professional conductors of the ceremony when this was observed. One of the attendants rushed to him, and took him by the arm, and remonstrated with anxious whispers.

"You can follow behind, my good gentleman—you can follow behind," the undertaker said, "but this is the chief mourner's place."

"It is my place," said the intruder aloud, "and I mean to keep it."

"Oh, don't you now, sir—don't you now make a business," cried the distressed official. "Keep out of Sir Paul's way!"

The stranger shook the man off with a sardonic grin which almost sent him into a fit, so appalling was it and contrary to all the decorum of the occasion. And what more could any one do? They kept him out of the line of the procession, but they could not prevent him from keeping up with, keeping close by Paul's side. He got close to the side of the grave, and made the responses louder than any one else, as if he were indeed the chief actor in the scene. And his appearance in all those trappings of woe, which no one else wore, pointed him doubly out to public notice. Indeed the undertaker approved of him for that; it was showing a right feeling—even though it was not from himself that Gus had procured that livery of mourning. It was he that lingered the longest when the mourners dispersed.

This incident was very much discussed and talked of in the parish and among the gentlemen who had attended the funeral, during the rest of the day. But the wonder which it excited was light and trivial indeed in comparison with the wonders that were soon to follow. All day long the roads were almost gay (if it had not been wrong to use such an ex-

pression in the circumstances) with the carriages returning from the funeral, and the people in the roadside cottages felt themselves at liberty to enjoy the sight of them now that all was over, and Sir William safely laid in his last bed.

"And here's Sir Paul's 'ealth," was a toast that was many times repeated in the Markham Arms, and in all the little alehouses where the thirsty mourners refreshed themselves during the day; "and if he's as good a landlord and as good a master as his father, there won't be much to say again' him."

There were many, however, who, remembering all that had been said about him, the "bad company" he kept, and his long absences from home, shook their heads when they uttered their good wishes, and had no confidence in Sir Paul.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

THE house had fallen into quiet after the gloomy excitement of the morning. All the guests save two or three had gone away, the shutters were opened, the rooms full once more of soft daylight, bright and warm. The event, great and terrible as it was, was over, and ordinary life again begun.

But there was still one piece of business to do. Sir William's will had to be read before the usual routine of existence could be begun again. This grand winding up of the affairs that were at an end, and setting in motion of those which were about to begin, took place in the library late in the afternoon, when all the strangers had departed. The family lawyer, Colonel Fleetwood, who was Lady Markham's brother, and old Mr. Markham of —, the head of the hostile branch, the family which had hoped to inherit everything before Sir William married and showed them their mistake, were the only individuals present along with Lady Markham, Paul, and Alice. There was nothing exciting about the reading of this will; no fear of any eccentric dispositions, or of any arrangement different from the just and natural one. Besides, the family knew what it was before it was read. It was merely a part of the sad ceremonial which had to be gone through like the rest. Lady Markham had placed herself as far from the table as possible, with her face turned to the door. She could not bear, yet, to look straight at her husband's vacant place. Her brother stood behind her, leaning thoughtfully against her chair, and Alice was on a low seat by her side. The deep mourning of both the



ladies made the paleness which grief and watching had brought more noticeable. Alice had begun to regain a little delicate color, but her mother was still wan and worn. And they were very weary with the excitement of the gloomy day, and anxious to get away and conclude all these agitating ceremonials. Lady Markham kept her eyes on the door. Her loss was too recent to seem natural. What so likely as that he should come in suddenly, and wonder to see them all collected there?—so much more likely, so much more natural than to believe that forever he was gone away.

And in the quiet the lawyer began to read—nothing to rouse them, nothing they did not know; his voice, monotonous and calm, seemed to be reading another kind of dull burial service, unbeautiful, without any consolation in it, but full of the heavy, level cadence of ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Paul stirred, almost impatiently, from time to time, and changed his position; it affected his nerves. And sometimes Colonel Fleetwood would give forth a sign, which meant impatience too; but the others did not move. Lady Markham's beautiful profile, marble pale, shone like a white cameo upon the dark background of the curtains. She was scarcely conscious what they were doing, submitting to this last duty of all.

When the door opened, which it did somewhat hastily, it startled the whole party. Lady Markham sat up in her chair and uttered a low cry. Paul turned round angrily. He turned to find fault with the servant who was thus interrupting a solemn conference; but when he saw what the interruption really was, the young man lost all patience.

"This fellow again!" he said under his breath, and made one stride towards the door, where stood, closing it carefully behind him, while he faced the company, Mr. Gus in his black suit. He was no coward; he faced the young man, whom he had already exasperated, without flinching—putting up his hand with a deprecating, but not undignified, gesture. Paul, who had meant nothing less than to eject him forcibly, came to a sudden stop, and stood hesitating, uncertain, before the self-possessed little figure. What could he do? He was in his house, where discourtesy was a crime.

"Keep your temper, Paul Markham," said the little gentleman; "I mean you no harm. You and I can't help damaging each other; but for heaven's sake, this

day, and before them, let's settle it with as little disturbance as we can."

"What does this mean?" said Colonel Fleetwood, while the lawyer rested his papers on the table, and looked on, across them, without putting them out of his hand.

"I can't tell what it means," cried Paul. "This is the second time this man has burst into our company, at the most solemn moment, when my father was dying——"

"Mr. Gaveston," said Lady Markham, in her trembling voice, "I have told you that anything we can do for you, any amends we can make—— But oh, would it not be better to choose another time—to come when we are alone—when there need be no exposure?"

"My lady Markham," said Gus, advancing to the table, "I don't know what you mean, but you are under a great mistake. It is no fault of yours, and I am sorry for Paul. I might have been disposed to accept a compromise before I saw the place; but anyhow, compromise or not, I must establish my rights."

"This is the most extraordinary interruption of a family in their own house," said Colonel Fleetwood. "What does it mean? Isabel, you seem to know him; who is this man?"

"That is just what she does not know," said Gus, calmly; "and what I've come to tell you. Nothing can be more easy; I have all the evidence here, which your lawyer can examine at once. I wrote to my father when I arrived, but he took no notice. I am Sir Augustus Markham: Sir William Markham's eldest son—and heir."

Lady Markham rose up appalled—her lips falling apart, her eyes opened wide in alarm, her hands clasped together. Paul, whose head had been bent down, started, and raised it suddenly, as if he had not heard rightly.

"Good God!" cried Colonel Fleetwood.

Mr. Scrivener, the lawyer, put down his papers carefully on the table, and rose from his seat.

"The man must be out of his senses," he said.

Gus looked round upon them all with excitement, in which there was a gleam of triumph. "I am not out of my senses. With such a wrong done to me I might have been; but I never knew of it till lately. And, mind you, I don't blame *them* as if they knew it. If you are the lawyer, I have brought you all the papers, honest and above-board. There they are,

my mother's certificates and mine. Ask anybody in the island of Barbadoes," cried Gus, "bless you, it was not done in a corner; it was never made a secret of. From the governor to the meanest black there isn't one but knows it all as well as I."

He had thrust a packet of papers into Mr. Scrivener's hand, and now stood with one arm extended, like a speaker addressing with energy, yet conciliatory warmth, a hostile assembly. But no one paid any attention to Gus. The interest had gone from him to the lawyer who was opening up with care and coolness the different papers. Colonel Fleetwood stood behind him eagerly reading them over his shoulder, chafing at his coolness. "Get on, can't you?" he cried, under his breath. They were enough to appall the inexperienced eye. To this astonished spectator looking on, the lines of the marriage certificate seemed to blaze as if written in fire. It was as if a bolt from heaven had fallen among them. The chief sufferers themselves were stunned with its shock, of a sudden horror which they did not realize. What did it mean? A kind of pale light came over Lady Markham's face. She began to remember the Lennys and their eccentric visit. She put out her hand as one who has begun to grasp a possible clue.

At this moment of intense and painful bewilderment, a sudden chuckle burst into the quiet. It was poor old Mr. Markham, whose hopes had been disappointed, who had never forgiven Sir William Markham's children for being born. "Gad! I always felt sure there was a previous marriage," he said, mumbling with old, toothless jaws. Only the stillness of such a pause would have made this senile voice of malice audible. Even the old man himself was abashed to hear how audible it was.

"A previous marriage!" Colonel Fleetwood went hurriedly to his sister, and took her by the shoulders in fierce excitement, as if she could be to blame. "What does this mean, Isabel?" he cried, "did you know of it? did you consent to it? does it mean, my God! that you have never been this man's wife at all?"

She turned upon him with a flash of energy and passion. "How dare you speak of my husband so — my husband who was honor itself and truth?" Then the poor lady covered her face with her hands. Her heart sank, her strength forsook her. Who could tell what hidden

things might be revealed by the light of this sudden horrible illumination. "I can't tell you. I do not know! I do not know!"

"This will never do," said Mr. Scrivener hurriedly. "This is prejudging the case altogether. No one can imagine that with no more proof than these papers (which may be genuine or not, I can't say on the spur of the moment) we are going to believe a wild assertion which strikes at the honor of a family."

"Look here," said Gus, his mouth began to get dry with excitement, he could scarcely get out the words. "Look here, there's nothing about the honor of the family. There's nothing to torment *her* about. Do you hear, you, whoever you are! My mother, Gussy Gaveston, died five and thirty years ago, when I was born. Poor little thing," cried the man who was her son, with a confusion of pathos and satisfaction, "it was the best thing she could do. She wasn't one to live and put other people to shame, not she. She was a bit of a girl, with no harm in her. The man she married was a young fellow of no account, no older than him there, Paul, my young brother; but all the same she would have been Lady Markham had she lived; and I am her son that cost her her life, the only one of the first family, Sir William's eldest. That's easily seen when you look at us both," he added with a short laugh, "there can't be much doubt, can there, which is the eldest, I or he?"

Here again there was a strange pause. Colonel Fleetwood, who was the spectator who had his wits about him, turned round upon old Mr. Markham, who ventured to chuckle again in echo of poor Gus's harsh little laugh, which meant no mirth. "What the devil do you find to laugh at?" he said, his lip curling on his white teeth with rage, to which he could give vent no other way. But he was relieved of his worst fear, and he could not help turning with a certain interest to the intruder. Gus was not a noble figure in his old-fashioned, long-tailed black coat, with his formal air; but there was not the least appearance of importance about him. The serene air of satisfaction and self-importance which returned to his face when the excitement of his little speech subsided, his evident conviction that he was in his right place, and confidence in his position, contradicted to the eyes of the man of the world all suggestion of fraud. He might be deceived, but he himself believed in the rights he was

claiming, and he was not claiming them in any cruel way.

As for Paul, since his first angry explanation he had not said a word. The young man looked like a man in a dream. He was standing leaning against the mantelpiece, every tinge of color gone out of his face, listening, but hardly seeming to understand what was said. He had watched his mother's movements, his uncle's passionate appeal to her, but he had not stirred. As a matter of fact the confusion in his mind was such that nothing was clear to him. He felt as if he had fallen, and was still falling, from some great height into infinite space. His feet tingled, his head was light. The sounds around him seemed blurred and uncertain, as well as the faces. While he stood thus bewildered, two arms suddenly surrounded him, embracing it, clinging to him. Paul pressed these clinging hands mechanically to his side, and felt a certain melting, a softness of consolation and support. But whether it was Dolly whispering comfort to him in sight of his father's grave, or Alice bidding him take courage in the midst of a new confusing imbroglio of pain and excitement, he could scarcely have told. Then, however, voices more distinct came to him, voices quite steady and calm, in their ordinary tones.

"After this interruption it will be better to go no further," the lawyer said. "I can only say that I will consult with my clients, and meet Mr. — this gentleman's solicitor, on the subject of this extraordinary claim he makes."

"If it is me you mean, I have no solicitor," said Gus, "and I don't see the need of one. What have you got to say against my papers? They are straightforward enough."

The lawyer was moved to impatience.

"It is ridiculous," he said, "to think that a matter of this importance — the succession to a great property — can be settled in such a summary way. There is a great deal more necessary before we get that length. Lady Markham, I don't think we need detain you longer."

But no one moved. Lady Markham had sunk into her chair too feeble to stand. Her eyes were fixed upon her son and daughter standing together. They seemed to have floated away from her on the top of this wave of strange invasion. She thought there was anger on Paul's pale, stern face, but her heart was too faint to go to them, to take the part she ought to take. Did they think she

was to blame? How was she to blame? She almost thought so herself as she looked pathetically across the room at her children, who seemed to have forsaken her. Mr. Scrivener made a great rustling and scraping, tying up his papers, putting them together — these strange documents along with the others; for Gus had made no effort to retain them. The lawyer felt with a sinking of his heart that the last doubt of the reality of this claim was removed when the claimant allowed him to keep the certificates which proved his case. In such a matter only men who are absolutely honest put faith in others.

"He is not afraid of any appeal to the registers," Mr. Scrivener said to himself.

He made as much noise as he could over the tying up of these papers; but nobody moved to go. At last he took out his watch and examined it.

"Can any one tell me about the trains to town?" he said.

This took away all excuse from old Mr. Markham, who very unwillingly put himself in motion.

"I must go too," he said. "Can I put you down at the station?"

And then these two persons stood together for a minute or more comparing their watches, of which one was a little slow and the other a little fast.

"I think perhaps it will suit me better," the lawyer said, "to wait for the night train."

Then the other reluctantly took his leave.

"I am glad that anyhow it can make no difference to you," he said, pressing Lady Markham's hand; "that would have been worse, much worse, than anything that can happen to Paul."

The insult made her shrink and wince, and that pleased the revengeful old man, who had never forgiven her marriage. Then he went to Gus with a great show of friendliness.

"We're relations, too," he said, "and I hope will be friends. Can I set you down anywhere?"

Gus looked at him with great severity, and did not put out his hand.

"I can't help hurting them, more or less," he said, "for I've got to look after my own rights; but if you think I'll make friends with any one that takes pleasure in hurting them — I am much obliged to you," Gus added with much state, "but I am at home, and I don't want to be set down anywhere."

These words, which were quite audible, sent a thrill of amazement through the

room. Colonel Fleetwood and Mr. Scrivener looked at each other. Notwithstanding the ruin and calamity which surrounded them, a gleam of amusement went over the lawyer's face. Gus was moving about restlessly, hovering round the brother and sister who had not changed their position, like a big blue-bottle moving in circles. He was not at all unlike a blue-bottle in his black coat. Mr. Scrivener went up to him, arresting him in one of his flights.

"I should think," said the lawyer,—"don't you agree with me?—that the family would prefer to be left alone after such an exciting and distressing day."

"Eh! the family? Yes, that is quite my opinion. You outsiders ought to go, and leave us to settle matters between us," said Gus.

He scarcely looked at the lawyer, so intent was he upon Paul and Alice, who were still standing together, supporting each other. The little man was undisguisedly anxious to listen to what Alice was saying in her brother's ear.

"I am their adviser," said Mr. Scrivener. "I cannot leave till I have done all I can for them; but you, Mr. —"

"Sir Augustus, if you please," said the little gentleman, drawing himself up. "If you are their adviser, I, sir, am their brother. You seem to forget that. The family is not complete without me. Leave them to me, and there is no fear but everything will come straight."

Mr. Scrivener looked at this strange personage with a kind of consternation. He was half afraid of him, half amused by him. The genuineness of him filled the lawyer with dismay. He could not entertain a hope that a being so true was false in his pretensions. Besides, there were various things known perhaps only to Mr. Scrivener himself which gave these pretensions additional weight. He shook his head when Colonel Fleetwood, coming up to him on the other side, whispered to him an entreaty to "get the fellow to go." How was he to get the fellow to go? He had not only right, but kindness and the best of intentions on his side.

"My dear sir," he said, perplexed, "you must see, if you think, that your claim, even if true, cannot be accepted in a moment as you seem to expect. We must have time to investigate; any one may call himself Sir William Markham's son."

"But no one except myself can prove it," said Gus, promptly; "and, my dear

sir, to use your own words, you had better leave my family to me, as I tell you. I know better than any one else how to manage them. Are they not my own flesh and blood?"

"That may or may not be," said the lawyer, at the end of his reasoning.

It was easy to say, "Get him to go away," but unless he ejected him by sheer force, he did not see how it was to be done. As for Mr. Gus, he himself saw that the time was come for some further step. First he buttoned his coat as preparing for action, and put down his hat, with its huge hat-band, upon the table. Then he hesitated for a moment between Lady Markham and the young people; finally he said to himself reflectively, almost sadly, "What claim have I upon her?" He moved a step towards Paul and Alice, and cleared his throat.

And it was now that providence interposed to help the stranger. Just as he had made up his mind to address the young man whom he had superseded, there came a sound of footsteps at the door. It was opened a very little, timidly, and through the chink Bell's little soft voice (she was always the spokeswoman) was heard with a little sobbing catch in it, pleading,—

"May we come in now, mamma?"

The children thought everybody was gone. They had been huddled up, out of the way, it seemed for weeks. They were longing for their natural lives, for their mother, for some way out of the strangeness and desolation of this unnatural life they had been leading. They were all in the doorway, treading upon each other's heels in their eagerness, but subdued by all the influence about which took the courage out of them. It seemed to Gus an interposition of providence on his behalf. He went quickly to the door and opened to them, then returned leading one of the little girls in each hand.

"I told you I was a relation," he said very gravely and kindly, with a certain dignity which now and then took away all that was ridiculous in him. "I am your brother, though you would not think it; your poor dear father who is gone was my father too. He was my father when he was not much older than Paul. I should like to be very fond of you all if you would let me. I would not hurt one of you for the world. Will you give me a kiss, because I am your brother, Bell and Marie?"

The children looked at him curiously with their big eyes which they had made

so much larger with crying. They looked pale and fragile in their black frocks, with their anxious little faces turned up to him.

"Our brother!" they both said in a breath, wondering; but they did not shrink from the kiss he gave, turning with quivering of real emotion from one to another.

"Yes, my dears," he said, "and a good brother I'll be to you, so help me God!" and the little gentleman's brown face got puckered and tremulous, as if he would cry. "I don't want to harm anybody," he said. "I'll take care of the boys as if they were my own. I'll do anything for Paul that he'll let me, though I can't give up my rights to him; and I'll be fond of you all if you let me," cried Gus, dropping the hands of the children, and holding out his own to the colder, more difficult audience round him. They all stood looking at him, with keen wonder, opposition, almost hatred. Was it possible they could feel otherwise to the stranger who thus had fallen among them, taking everything that they thought was theirs out of their hands?

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#### THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.\*

THE under-currents of history are often more strange and striking than the main events which seem to determine the fate of nations. The deeper we dig down into the historic mine the more precious jewels do we find. And the mine is by no means exhausted. There were a vast amount of influences at work in mediæval England (for instance), which, even with the fuller light now being rapidly poured in, are yet obscure and unapprehended by historians. Some of the chief factors in this history were the religious orders, with their intrigues and counter-intrigues. The history of the religious orders has never yet been written, and probably never can be written fully. Encomiasts have constructed ideal glorifications of them. Satirists have colored all their doings with a senseless invective. But the historian proper, the man who seeks

for truth at any price, has not dealt with them. Who, for instance, has explained the rapid degeneracy of the Franciscans, or the strange ferocity of the papal crusade against the observant section of them? Who has given any sufficient or exhaustive account of that most marvellous episode of history, the fall of the Templars?

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Templars were the most famous, the most powerful, the most wealthy, and the most popular of all the religious orders. The whole of Christendom regarded the order with admiration and reverence. Its services to the Church had been signal, its devotion to its duties remarkable. Then, in a moment, it fell, and fell amidst the deepest disgrace, assailed with the foulest accusations, with the finger of scorn and loathing pointed at it. Has this been ever fully accounted for and explained? Why was it—even if there were a savage and unscrupulous king of France, and a timid and compliant pope—why was it that there was no semblance of a popular movement in behalf of the Templars, and no ruler in Europe who offered them an effectual aid? Some light might probably be thrown upon these points, and on others connected with the fate of the Templars in France and other countries of Europe. But they do not form part of the subject designed to be treated of here. Suffice it to indicate one especial source of hostility to the Templars, which has hardly been touched by historians, viz., the bitter hatred entertained against them by the mendicant orders. Wherever we find Templars accused, tortured, suffering, there are Dominicans and Franciscans taking the lead in the attacks upon them.

In the space of the two hundred years of its history, the order planted by the little band of nine French gentlemen to defend the pilgrims going to Jerusalem had grown into marvellous proportions. By the end of that period, it possessed, besides its headquarters or court in the island of Cyprus, preceptories or branch establishments in all the countries of Europe. It numbered fifteen thousand knights, and a far greater number of servitors or aspirants. It exercised sway over two kingdoms, those of Cyprus and the Lesser Armenia. Its grand master took the title of king, and styled himself "by the grace of God." His court was more thronged and splendid than that of any prince. He had his ministers, who, by a complete and thorough organization,

\* 1. *Histoire de l'Abolition des Templiers*. Paris, 1789.

2. *Monuments Historiques relatifs à la Condamnation des Chevaliers du Temple*. Par F. J. M. RAYNOUARD. Toulouse, 1813.

3. *Memorandum Register of Bishop Dalderby*. Lincoln. MS.



regulated the affairs of the order in all the countries of Europe, and drew supplies from them for the central expenditure. In the chief kingdoms of Europe, the order was represented by officers named grand priors, who dwelt in magnificent palaces, and kept up the most brilliant state. Though regarded with jealousy, no doubt, by the kings and princes, the Templars had always been able to live well with them, shielded either by their own conduct, or by the fear which attached to their power. The prestige of religion was thrown around them. They were the soldiers of Christendom against the infidel. Thousands of them had laid down their lives in the fruitless struggle to win the Holy Land from the pagans. A pope had constituted their order, and assigned to them the white mantle and red cross for their habit. The reigning pontiff was head of their order. Their rule was drawn from St. Augustine, and was enlarged and perfected by St. Bernard. Suddenly astonished Europe heard, with infinite amazement, that the knights of this famous order had, on a certain day (October 13, 1307), been seized throughout France and most of the countries of Europe, had been thrown into prison, and subjected to the direst tortures to make them confess to charges so incredible, so abominable, that to impute them to the meanest miscreant and caitiff might seem outrageously absurd. Wonder followed upon wonder. Men heard that these famous knights, the very flower of Christendom, had, in the great majority of instances, confessed the truth of these accusations, branded themselves as apostates, practisers of magic, addicted to abominable crimes. But while good men throughout Europe crossed themselves with pious horror and shuddered as they thought of the terrible power of the evil one, all this time a portentous lie was being enacted, and a body of gallant knights, no worse in their morals than other knights of their era, and far above most in high aims, disciplined valor, and ready self-sacrifice, were being immolated to glut the revenge, and replenish the exhausted coffers of the most unscrupulous and daring, as well as one of the ablest, monarchs who ever ruled in France.\* In his fierce struggle against

Boniface VIII., the most pretentious of popes, Philip the Fair had been constantly met and thwarted by the Templars, pledged to devotion to the head of their order. In his attempt to debase the coinage of the land, to meet his exigencies, men in the garb of Templars had headed the revolt which nearly cost Philip his kingdom and his life. He had sworn to take vengeance upon the order. Then came ready to his hand accusations from base men, who, having belonged to the order, and been expelled, desired at once to gratify their revenge, and save the lives forfeited to the law by their misdeeds by pandering to the king's violent passions. The accusations, utterly incredible, were accepted without sifting. Dominican inquisitors were ready to aid the project. The pope was a French archbishop, completely in the power of the king, and so the Templars were generally seized and imprisoned. The paramount influence of Philip acting with the pope was sufficient to procure the adoption of the same policy practised in France in most of the other countries of Europe. The dreadful tale of torture followed, torture more savage, more diabolically cruel, than, perhaps, ever used before or since. The Templars, overcome by the agonies of their trial, and hoping, if they confessed, easily to obtain absolution from the pope, in many cases admitted the charges, though some persevered, even to the death, in their assertions of innocence. But soon, those who had confessed, ashamed of their weakness, generally withdrew their admissions, believing that the pope, who was holding a formal inquiry into the charges against the order, would do them justice. They little knew, however, the man with whom they had to deal. While the long-drawn out inquiry was proceeding before the pope, the unhappy wretches who had confessed and retracted were seized upon by the Inquisition, under royal directions, as relapsed heretics, and suffered all the penalties of that terrible accusation. In one day no less than fifty-six of these were burnt by slow fires, near to the Abbey of St. Anthony, in the environs of Paris. Philip put the finishing touch to this work, when, before the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, a prince of the blood-royal of France, and Jacques du Moulay, the grand master of the Templars, both of whom had confessed and retracted, were burned in charcoal fires, in the face of a vast crowd. The grand master expired, solemnly asserting his innocence, and

\* "Ce roi, qui avait envahi les biens des églises, qui avait opprimé ses peuples, qui avait falsifié la monnaie, qui avait dépouillé tous les Juifs de ses états, et recherché d'autres profits honteux, pouvait bien être tenté par les richesses du Temple, lui qui les envahit, après avoir déclaré par ses lettres patentes qu'il les respecterait." — Sismondi, *Rép. Ital.* iii. 180.

with his last words summoning Clement, the unjust judge, and Philip, the cruel king, to appear before the tribunal of God. Within a year they had both departed to their account.\*

The influence of Philip had, as has been said, availed to cause his policy to be adopted in most of the nations of Europe. But this was not the case as regarded England. The influence of France counted for little here, and whatever was to be done must needs be done through the pope, and on pretended religious grounds. Edward II. was a weak prince. Had he resembled either his father or his son, it is, perhaps, not too much to assume that the order of the Templars would not have been disturbed in England, but left to die out by the same process which extinguished the other religious orders. As it was, the king showed considerable resistance, and regulated his proceedings by milder and juster rules.

The first attempt made by the king of France to influence his son-in-law in this matter altogether failed. An emissary, one Bernard Palet, had been despatched to bring the king of England to his views, but his mission was coldly received. The king of England addressed a letter to Philip in his own name, and that of his prelates and barons, declaring his amazement at the charges made, his disbelief of them, and his confidence in the order. Nor did he confine himself to this refusal. He became the advocate of the order against the accusations of Philip. He wrote to the kings of Portugal, Castile, Sicily, and Aragon, urging them to protect the order against its calumniators, and the avarice and jealousy of its enemies. He wrote to the pope asserting the pure faith and lofty morals of the order, and calling upon him for his powerful aid.† But hardly had this letter been written and despatched when all was changed. A bull from the pope arrived, commanding in peremptory terms the arrest of all the Templars in England. The king at once yielded. Orders were sent to the sheriffs throughout England,

Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, directing the arrest of the Templars. But they were not to be treated in the way in which they had been treated in France. The persons of the knights were to be treated with respect; an inventory of their goods was to be returned into the Exchequer. On the Wednesday after Epiphany 1308 these orders were carried out. Everywhere throughout England the Templars were arrested, and without resistance. This last fact might indicate their consciousness of innocence. Aware as they must have been of the cruelties which had been practised against their brethren in France, these knights, strong in their fortified preceptories, and with large bodies of servitors at their disposal, nowhere opposed an arrest which they perhaps held would lead to an inquiry likely to redound to their honor. The submissiveness of the Templars may, however, have been due to a different cause. They were aware that a storm of opprobrium had been excited against the order. They knew only too well that they were odious to the clergy. They were an exempt order, and as such hated by the bishops, whose jurisdiction they despised. By their chaplains they exercised spiritual functions within their own domains, and did not require the services of the clergy. They had nothing to fear from excommunications and spiritual discipline, and even an interdict did not touch them. Like the Cistercians, they had the privilege of continuing their services in the midst of the papal prohibitions. It was alleged against them by the clergy that their grand master, though a layman, did not hesitate to give absolution. Thus the clergy, and especially the friars, who were striving to obtain a monopoly in absolutions, were bitter against them, and the friars at this time had the control of the popular sentiment. A little later and the barefooted brethren had lost a great portion of their influence, and were become the favorite subjects of popular satire; but now they were all-powerful. The nobles could hardly be expected to defend an order which despised and outshone them. There is, therefore, more than one way of explaining the quiet submission of the Templars. It may have arisen either from the consciousness of innocence or from policy. It need not in any case be regarded as the admission of guilt.

The English Templars were confined in prisons at London, Lincoln, and York. During the summer of 1308 a bull arrived

\* M. Raynouard thus poetizes the incident: —  
 Mais il est dans le ciel un tribunal auguste,  
 Que le faible opprimé jamais n'implore en vain;  
 Et j'ose t'y citer, o pontife romain,  
 Encore quarante jours je t'y vois comparaître.  
 Chacun en frémissant écoutait le grand maître.  
 Mais quel étonnement, quel trouble, quel effroi,  
 Quand il dit, o Philippe, o maître, o mon roi!  
 Je te pardonne en vain; ta vie est condamnée.  
 Au tribunal de Dieu je t'attends dans l'année.

† The letters are printed in Rymer.

from the pope appointing certain commissioners to hear and try the charges made against them. The commissioners appointed were the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Chichester, and Lincoln, Deodate Abbot of Lagny, and Sicard de St. Vaur, Canon of Narbonne, auditor of the pope. The commissioners were all ecclesiastics, and as such probably not exempt from the jealousy with which the order was regarded by churchmen. One of them, however, at least, John Dalderby, Bishop of Lincoln, was a man of singular piety and uprightness, and, from the notices of the matter contained in his register, we gather that he by no means liked the business on which he was employed. In fact, the way in which he shrank from the part assigned to him, and fenced with the papal requirements, inclines us to believe that he did not believe in the guilt of the men in whose trial and condemnation he was forced to bear an unwilling part. Neither is this to be wondered at. For the results of the first examination of the English Templars held in London, October 21 (1308), at which it is probable that Bishop Dalderby was present, were as follows.\* The Templars were interrogated whether the chapters and reception of the knights were held in secret and by night; whether in these chapters were committed any offences against Christian morals and the faith of the Church; whether they denied the Redeemer and worshipped idols; whether they held heretical opinions on any of the sacraments. The knights, brought one by one before the commissioners, denied calmly, specifically, and distinctly, every one of these charges. A chaplain of the order, Ralph de Burton, was examined at greater length than the others, and his denials were full and specific. Then witnesses were examined; seventeen who were supposed to be most cognizant of the doings of the Templars were questioned. They were clergy, public notaries, and others. None of them had anything to allege against the Templars in support of the charges made against them. During the winter of 1308 and 1309 various examinations were held. Nothing was elicited to the prejudice of the order. In June, the grand preceptor, William de la Moore, was specially examined on the charge of having presumed

as a layman to give absolution. He explained that the form used for a peccant brother was to strike him three blows with the scourge, and then say to him, "Brother, pray to God to remit thy sins." He had never used the form, "I absolve thee." The commissioners could not find anything on which to condemn the order. Yet, urged on by pressure from the pope, and fearing to go against his decisions, they made a sort of lame condemnation. They do not indeed give any countenance to the charge of immorality, apostasy, and magic, but they seem to assert that the charge of giving absolution is proved, as also the secrecy of the receptions, and the binding members of the order by oaths not to reveal what took place at these receptions. Certain evidence which had been tendered to them by hostile witnesses they kept back. "They seem," says Dean Milman, "to have been ashamed of it, as well they might." One of the commissioners at any rate did not desire to be further mixed up in the matter. At the beginning of October (1309) Bishop Dalderby sent to his brother commissioners what is entered in his register under the title *Excusatio* : —

To the venerable fathers in Christ, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Bishops of London and Chichester, to the Abbot of Lagny of the Diocese of Paris, to Master Sicard de Vaur, Canon of Narbonne, John, by divine permission Bishop of Lincoln, greeting. Occupied as I am in many ways by the arduous affairs of our Church, and by the pressing needs thereof, which cannot be avoided, and hindered by the infirmities of the Body of Christ, I cannot perform the Apostolic commands with that assiduity which I could wish. Wherefore, though being ready to attend to the Inquisition against the persons and the Order of the Militia of the Temple, committed to you and to me by the Apostolic See, when I can, I desire your kindness to excuse my absence whenever I am unable to come.

Similar excuses are entered in the register as having been sent in the two following years (1310 and 1311). It is clear, therefore, that Bishop Dalderby deliberately withdrew from taking a part in the trial of the Templars. It is certain also that this was done after an inquiry held. For whether or no the bishop was present at the first inquiry, held in London in October 1308, it is certain that he himself held an inquiry at Lincoln, during the earlier part of the year 1309. For we have, under the date of March 18 of that year, a letter addressed by him to his fellow-commissioners dated from the Old Temple

\* The process is given at length in Wilkins, and is carefully summarized in Milman's "Lat. Christianity," v. 342, from which we quote.

(the house of the see of Lincoln in London), stating that he should be unable to be present at a meeting to be held by them for making out an inventory of the Templars' goods to be returned to the pope, because he was obliged to be in Lincoln about the same time to conduct an examination of certain Templars there. This examination was to be held on the Monday after the Sunday on which *Latare Hierusalem* was sung (Mid-Lent Sunday), and on succeeding Mondays as was required. Bishop Daldery, therefore, had certainly enjoyed good opportunities of investigating the charges against the Templars, and he may be presumed to have also had personal knowledge of them. For a famous preceptory of theirs at Temple Bruer was within ten miles of his cathedral city. It is fair, therefore, to assume that his practical retirement from the inquiry, which was allowed to drag on its tedious length for some three years, was due to his being satisfied in his own mind that there was "no case." And it is certainly not to be wondered at that any fair-minded man should have shrunk from an investigation where such testimony as the following was allowed to be produced and gravely received. One witness averred that he had heard that in the East a knight apostatized to Mohammedanism. Another had heard that, at a great banquet at York, some of the knights had worshipped a calf. Another knight had a book in his possession which contained unorthodox sentiments. Another witness, a Franciscan, had heard a chaplain of the order say to some of the brethren, "The devil will burn you." Another had heard a Templar exclaim as he walked, "Alas! that ever I was born. I must deny Christ and worship the devil." Another Franciscan had heard that a Templar had killed his son for refusing to be a Templar. Another, an Augustinian, had heard that a Templar had declared that a man died like a dog and had no soul. Another witness said he had heard a sermon addressed to the Templars telling them how to get rich. Another, a Franciscan, had heard that the order possessed four idols. At length three witnesses were found who had belonged to the order and had left it. These men had fled away from an inquiry which was in the highest degree perilous to them. If they had been able truthfully to depose against the order they had no temptation to fly; but having nothing really to allege against it they fled for fear of the torture. That the

torture was applied to at least two of them there can be little doubt. Stephen Stapleridge, after making some important admissions, threw himself on the ground with tears, groans, and shrieks, imploring mercy. What could this mean but that he had been tortured to make him admit what he had done? And he now prayed that these admissions might be held to be sufficient, and that he might be tortured no more. Another, Theroldeby, declared that the Abbot of Lagny had threatened that he would make him confess before he had done with him. He had nothing to confess at first; but four days after, when his acquaintance with the Abbot of Lagny had been improved, he confessed very freely that the Templars denied Christ, and compelled all who entered their order to do so and to spit upon the cross. The third, a priest of the order, dreading probably what the other had suffered, declared that he had been made to deny Christ. This was the most that could be found against the order in England, and under these frivolous accusations the knights were kept for several years immured in prison, subjected from time to time to vexatious examinations, while all their property was confiscated, and their order was destroyed. It must have been some consolation to them in their great trials to hear that, after long investigations in Italy, nothing had been brought home to the prejudice of the order, and that in each of the kingdoms of Spain the acquittal of the order was solemn and complete. In England it can hardly be said to have been either condemned or acquitted. All those Templars who submitted themselves and made some sort of confession were absolved, but those who, conscious of innocence, refused to do this were condemned to perpetual confinement in monasteries. This sentence was passed by the Provincial Synod or Convocation of Canterbury in July 1311. Previously to its passing the commissioners had made their report to the pope, and Bishop Daldery had, in accordance with what is stated above, reported that he had been able to investigate the matter but little, but that he must be held to concur in the reports of his colleagues. The bishop was evidently still impressed with the desire to have as little as possible to do with a process which he could not heartily approve. From further entries in his register we are able to throw some light on the ultimate destination of the Templars and the special arrangements made

for them in the monasteries to which they were consigned. The letter of Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, giving the general command to all abbots and monasteries who should be selected to receive Templars to do so, ran as follows:—

Robert, by Divine permission Archbishop of Canterbury, to all Abbots and Priors, their Chapters and Convents, exempt and not exempt, throughout our Province, greeting. Inasmuch as the most holy father in Christ, the Lord Clement, by Divine providence Pope, has commanded us and our suffragans by his letters apostolical to make inquiry concerning divers articles of heretical pravity, charged against certain persons of the Order of Knight-hood of the Temple in our Province, and brought here before us; and that, after inquiry duly made touching the said brethren, we should in our Provincial Council pronounce on the said brethren a sentence of absolution or condemnation as justice required. And inasmuch as in the matter of the aforesaid inquiry we have by the Apostolical authority, and by that of our whole Provincial Council, ordained the several persons to perform a certain penance, and for that purpose to be constrained to enter certain monasteries selected for that purpose until it shall be otherwise ordained. You, therefore, all and singular, we command by our Apostolic authority, and by that of our whole Council, and by virtue of your obedience, and under the sentences of suspension, excommunication, and interdict to be fulminated against you and your monasteries, if ye shall not do what we command, that ye in whose monasteries we shall have decreed the said persons to be confined should admit those persons readily and treat them kindly, and minister to them the necessities of life as we and your Diocesans ordain. For which the Lord King of England has granted for each person fourpence per day. But if ye shall refuse to obey, we have strictly commanded our venerable brethren, your Diocesans, by other letters, that as well against you the exempt (who, notwithstanding your privileges, are specially bound to obey us in this matter) as against you, the non-exempt and your monasteries, they should without delay promulgate canonically the ecclesiastical censures, and proceed according to the canonical sanctions. But concerning the manner in which we have decreed the said persons to be kept and the penance to be performed by them, ye shall be informed by your Diocesans or their vicars. Given in our Council aforesaid in London, July 15, 1311.\*

Armed with this general authority to constrain the monasteries to do that which it was evidently expected would be a very ungrateful task to them, the diocesan

bishops proceeded at once to act. The Bishop of Lincoln forwarded to such of the monasteries in his diocese as were selected to receive Templars the letter of the archbishop, together with a copy of another letter to himself, which named the Templar to be assigned to each selected monastery in the diocese, and the exact manner in which he was to be treated, and the penance he was to perform. This very curious document ran as follows. After reciting the general direction, it assigns John de Stoke, priest, to the monastery of Peterborough; William de Lafford to Ramsey; William de Sawtry to Ormsby; Roger de Noreys to Croxton; Thomas de — to St. Albans; William de Echedon to Bourn; William Raven to Croyland; Thomas de Chamberlein to Spalding; Hugh de Tadcaster to Sempringham; William de Chelsey to Kirksted; Mauris de Newsum to Revesby; Peter de Octeringham to Leicester; William de Thorp to Thornton; Simon de Stern to St. Catherine's, Lincoln; William de Burton to Barlings; William de Pocklington to St. Andrew's, Northampton; John de Sadelescumb to Swineshead; William de Bernkell to Warden. The letter then proceeds:—

We therefore charge your brotherhood that you should cause the said brethren to be received in the said monasteries to perform their penance within their enclosures, causing the same to be so carefully and prudently guarded in the said monasteries that they may be unable to stray beyond the limits to be assigned to them, and that they may be able to perform the penance enjoined to them, which is as follows: John de Stoke, priest, William de Lafford, William de Sawtry, Roger de Noreys, Thomas de —, and William de Echedon, are to remain within the cells of the monasteries in which they are placed. They are to be so enclosed that they may not go out of the said cells except to the church or the cloister at due times, to hear the Divine offices, and once in the week to some places near, within the enclosure of the monastery, for four hours of the day, if they shall wish it, for the purpose of imbibing purer air. And the said brothers shall abstain from flesh every day except Sunday and Thursday, on which days it may be permitted to them to eat one kind of flesh meat. And on the other days (except Fridays, on which days they must fast on bread and water) it shall be lawful for them to eat of one kind of fish, which they shall choose. Moreover, those of the said brothers who have the art of reading shall every day, besides fully saying the other appointed prayers, say one portion of the Psalter, with a Litany. But those of them who have not the skill to read, besides the other prayers, shall say two hun-

\* From the Register of Bishop Dalderby, MS., Lincoln.



dred times the Lord's Prayer, with the Salutation of the Glorious Virgin. William de Raven, Thomas de Chamberlein, Hugh de Tadcaster, William de Chelsey, Mauris de Newsum, Peter de Octeringham, William de Thorp, Simon de Stein, shall not go out of the enclosure of the monasteries in which they are confined, except to some adjacent gardens not distant from the monastery, as the president of the monastery shall give them leave. On Mondays they shall abstain from flesh meat, and on Fridays from fish and other food, except bread, till Mass has been said; and every week, if they have skill to read, besides the other appointed prayers, they shall say two portions of the Psalter, with a Litany; and if they have not the skill to read, each day, besides the other appointed prayers, they shall say the Lord's Prayer and the Salutation of the Virgin one hundred and fifty times. The brothers William de Burton, William de Pocklington, John de Sadelescumb, and William de Bernkell, shall not go outside the enclosure of the monastery where they are confined, except to the adjacent gardens, not distant from the monastery, for the purpose of imbibing purer air. On Mondays they shall abstain from flesh, and on Sundays it shall be lawful for them to eat of two kinds of flesh meat; but on other days, except Friday, on which day they must fast on bread and ale, abstaining from other food, they may eat of two sorts of fish: and all these must altogether abstain from wine. But on double feasts, which are excepted from these abstinences, it may be permitted to them to use in moderation such meats and drinks as they shall choose and be able; also as often as there shall be need on account of any infirmities of their bodies which may arise. And the priests of the said Order must abstain from the celebration of the Divine offices. And these shall be kept in ward as aforesaid, and do penance as long as the king shall appoint. But to the brethren John [de Stoke] and William [de Lafford] ye shall do by the authority of the Council that which justice requires to be done.\* But for the conducting of the aforesaid brethren to the monasteries our Lord the King has promised the help of the sheriffs of the places through which they shall be conducted, and has directed briefs to the sheriffs on this matter; and to the monasteries he has promised, by the hands of the custodians of the goods of the Order of the Temple which are in his possession, to pay for each brother fourpence per day for providing them with necessities. Now if the religious of the aforesaid monasteries shall despise your commands in this matter or neglect to obey, against them, whether exempt or not exempt, ye shall without delay fulminate ecclesiastical censures, and proceed against them with all ecclesiastical severity as justice shall require. And what ye shall do in the

premises ye shall without delay intimate to us by your letters patent.\*

The bishop, in forwarding this letter to each of the monasteries concerned, merely added that such and such a Templar was assigned to the monastery addressed, and that he was to be treated in every way as the archbishop's letter directed. The gradations of penance to the three classes mentioned in the letter are so curious, that it is worth while to draw them out for comparison. The *first*, or most guilty class, were never to go outside the *septa* of the monastery, but might spend four hours per week in its gardens. They were to eat meat only on Sundays and Thursdays, and on other days only *one* kind of fish. On Fridays they were to fast all day on bread and water. They were to say a psalter and litany *every day*, or Lord's Prayer and Ave two hundred times. The *second* class might go outside the *septa* to gardens adjacent, *as they got leave*. They might eat meat every day, except Mondays and Fridays; on Fridays bread and water *till mass*; to say two psalters and a litany *per week*, or Lord's Prayer and Ave one hundred and fifty times. The *third* class might go outside the *septa* to gardens adjacent, *without special leave*; might eat meat every day, except Mondays and Fridays, and on *Sundays two sorts*. On Fridays they were to fast on *bread and ale*, and in addition to their meat they were allowed two sorts of fish. They had no special religious exercises prescribed. All alike might feast without stint on high festivals.

It will be admitted that these punishments were not specially severe, except perhaps that of the first class, the confinement of which must have been irksome. As to the third class of punishment, it simply provided the Templar with a comfortable home, and left him free to do very much as he liked. Thus the treatment of the Templars in England contrasts very favorably with their horrible maltreatment in France. But at the same time, one is inclined to ask, why, if these men were not guilty, were they thus dealt with, and why was the property of their order confiscated? That they were not guilty, in the estimation of their judges, the very lightness of their punishment seems to show. But, though the punishment may be considered light, and altogether disproportioned to the atrocity of the charges made against the Tem-

\* John de Stoke was a priest. William de Lafford may be supposed to have been in minor orders. Hence, the secular authority was not sufficient in their cases. That of the Council is quoted.

\* From Dalderby's Register, MS., Lincoln.

plars, supposing them to be established, even in part, nevertheless the annoyance experienced by such men as the knights of the Temple at being shut up in obscure monasteries with no other companions save ignorant and childish monks, must have been very great. These Templars were men who had seen the world, and knew something of its pomps and pleasures, and doubtless also of its sins. They were familiar with courts and camps. They had been trained to take the greatest delight in the use of arms, and had brought all the exercises of knighthood to the highest perfection. Skilful above others in the tourney and the *mêlée*, accustomed to spend many hours of each day in the saddle practising every feat of knightly warfare, what a sad and melancholy change was it for them to be doomed to the still life of the convent, with its varying routine of petty duties and ill-mumbled services; its useless waste of life; its little cabals and secret whisperings; its absence of all manliness, vigor and reality! Despite the liberty allowed them of visiting "adjacent gardens for purer air," the knight, bronzed in the sun of the East, with limbs and sinews braced and knitted by the hard toils of war, must have soon withered away in this uncongenial atmosphere, and not for long have encumbered the monastery with his presence. To men also to whom honor and praise were the very breath of their nostrils, the fearful opprobrium which had fallen upon their order; its condemnation by kings, popes, and councils; all the hideous calumnies which were vented against it, — must have been a continual source of overpowering pain. Then the knowledge of the terrible fate which had overtaken their companions in arms, brethren with whom they had often charged side by side through the ranks of the infidels, must have been a torturing thought. In fact, it is hard to conceive a more unhappy lot than that of these knights, fallen from their proud and honored estate, and reduced to live as pensioners at fourpence a day in obscure monasteries. And if the monastery was hateful to the Templar, so also without doubt was, on the other hand, the Templar hateful to the monastery. That much opposition was expected from the monks to having their quiet abodes turned into State prisons was evidenced by the very ominous threats made against them in the letters of the archbishop, if they should refuse to receive the Templars allotted to them. And that, in spite of these threats, they did in

some cases rebel, and refuse the burden assigned to them, we are able to prove from the same source which has furnished the letters previously quoted.

To the monastery of St. Andrew's, Northampton, William de Pocklington had been assigned, and in due course the letter of the Bishop of Lincoln signifying this fact, and enclosing the letters given above from the archbishop, in the name of the Provincial Synod, was despatched to it. But St. Andrew's refused to receive the guest thus destined for it, and a letter was sent by the society to their diocesan, the Bishop of Lincoln, signifying their refusal. The bishop immediately responded with a severe letter, bidding the monastery to obey at once, or take the consequences. St. Andrew's, however, still held out, so distasteful to the prior and monks was the burden with which they were threatened. Then sharper measures were taken. The bishop wrote to the rural dean of Northampton, bidding him to publish and cause to be published in all the churches of the deanery, the excommunication of the prior, subprior, precentor, cellarer, and sacristan of the abbey. What the effect of this was does not appear from the register. but no doubt the monastery was obliged finally to yield. And if the Templar was regarded as a burden to the society, and his enforced presence resented, there must have been many ways of causing the ill-humor of the monks to be felt by the unfortunate prisoners. Over monasteries there was practically no efficient supervision. Great numbers of them, as all the Cistercian houses, were exempt from diocesan control altogether. Others had obtained special exemptions, or were striving for them, and in every way seeking to baffle the bishop's visitatorial power. Any one acquainted with monastic histories will admit that the two great objects of monkish politics were to obtain exemption from episcopal control and to get possession of the advowsons of churches. The "religious" bodies had great success in both these pursuits. Consequently a Templar forced upon a monastery, and in revenge subjected to any amount of annoyance and ill-treatment, would scarcely have any efficient protection from the bishop, even if he were disposed to afford it to him, and sad indeed must often have been the condition of these prisoners.

The Grand Order of the Knights of the Temple, once the bulwark of Christianity against the Mussulman, the delight and

pride of every Christian for its noble arms-deeds against the enemies of the faith, came to an end in England, if not in blood, and torture, and flames, as in France, yet amidst sad and melancholy surroundings, amidst scandal, shame, and poverty. It is sometimes alleged as a proof of the sincerity of the process against the Templars, that the kings who prosecuted them were not enriched by the spoils of the order, but that the estates of the Templars were given to the Knights Hospitallers. This is an entire misconception. It is true that the Knights of St. John were allowed (or rather obliged) to become possessors of the Templars' estates, but they were constrained to redeem them by large sums out of the hands of the kings who had seized them. The effect was that the order of St. John was *impoverished*, instead of enriched, by their new acquisitions. In fact, as Sismondi points out, everywhere "before giving up these goods to the religious orders, the sovereigns universally enriched themselves by sequestering them."\* The Council of Vienna saved ecclesiastical propriety by ordering the correct disposal of this wealth, which had been dedicated to religious purposes. But Philip the Fair, Edward II., and the other dutiful crowned sons of the Church, had their own way of interpreting and carrying out the order of the Council. Thus barefaced and sacrilegious robbery was added to the crimes which make the fall of the Templars one of the most portentous episodes in the history of mediæval Europe.

\* *Hist. Répub. Ital.* iii. 181.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE DOG AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

IT is not surprising that the dog — the faithful and intellectual companion of man — should have been from the earliest times the object of a very varied folk-lore; besides holding a conspicuous place among the traditions and legends of most countries. Indeed, the origin of that very widespread superstition which recognizes a death-omen in the howling of a dog may be traced to a notion in Aryan mythology which represents the soul as taking its departure in the hour of death to the distant land of spirits under the escort of a fleet greyhound. According to the Aryan religion, Yama was the first lightning-born mortal who discovered the way to the

other world, where he has reigned ever since, and, for the sake of men, sends the wind under the form of a dog to conduct their souls at death across the heavenly waters and over the milky way to his home — the bright realm of bliss. Hence, whenever this messenger of death was heard, either howling outside the sick man's house or speeding along through the air with rapid pace, the inmates trembled, for they knew that at any moment the soul of their friend or relative might be required of him. Thus, even at the present day, the howling of a dog under the window is supposed to foretell death — a superstition deeply rooted everywhere in this as well as in most other countries. The Parsees of Bombay place a dog at the bedside of the person who is dying, that his eyes may rest upon the animal at the last moment, and so find comfort in the assurance that a prompt escort is in readiness to convey the soul to its everlasting abode. Such protection, too, is, according to the Parsee belief, of the highest value; for as soon as the soul arrives at the bridge Tchinnavat a fierce combat for its possession takes place among the gods and the unclean spirits. If the soul be pure and good, then it is not only defended at this dread crisis by other souls of a like nature, but rescued by the dogs that guard the bridge. Another variation of the same legend substitutes the cow in the place of the dog, and hence it was made a religious ordinance of the Hindus that the dying person should during his last moments on earth take hold of the tail of the cow. The corpse, too, was drawn by cows to the funeral pile, and a black cow was led after it to the same spot, and slaughtered there. The flesh of the animal, says Mr. Kelly, "was heaped upon the corpse as it lay on the pile, and the hide was spread over all. Fire was then applied, and when the flames rose high a hymn was sung, in which the cow was invoked to ascend with the deceased to the land of the departed." Thus, it is a German notion, not yet extinct, that the milky way is the cow-path; and it is still a popular superstition that a cow breaking into the yard betokens a death in the family. Reverting, however, to the dog's howling as a death-omen, it is interesting to trace this piece of folk-lore to its source in Aryan mythology; being the survival of one of those numerous legends that have been transmitted to us by the stream of tradition from the distant past. Although, therefore, but a relic of heathen

mythology, this superstition still retains its influence as a supernatural omen. As a plea, however, for its prevalence even among the educated, we might urge that it is not unnatural for the mind when unstrung and overbalanced by the presence of sickness and impending death to be over-sensitive, and to take notice of every little sound and sight which may seem to connect themselves with its anxiety. Reviewing very briefly the allusions to this superstition in times gone by, we find it referred to by Pausanias, who relates how, before the destruction of the Messenians, the dogs set up a fiercer howling than they were wont to do; and Virgil, speaking of the Roman misfortunes in the Pharsalic war, says:—

*Obscœnæ canes, importunæque volucres,  
Signa dabant.*

Capitolinus narrates, too, how the dogs by their howling presaged the death of Maximinus. At the present day this widely-known omen is found in every part of our country, in France and Germany, and even in Turkey. Thus, in Germany, a dog howling before a house portends a death or a fire. If it howls along the highway, this is considered in Westphalia as a certain token that a funeral will soon pass by that way. The same notion too exists in Denmark. Out of the innumerable instances recorded in this country respecting this popular superstition may be mentioned one related by Mrs. Latham in her "West-Sussex Superstitions." No slight consternation was caused at Worthing, a few years ago, by a Newfoundland dog, the property of a clergyman in the neighborhood, lying down on the steps of a house and howling piteously, refusing to be driven away. As soon as it was known that a young lady, long an invalid, had died there, so much excitement took place that the occurrence reached the owner of the dog, who came to Worthing to inquire into the truth of it. Unfortunately, however, for the lovers of and believers in the marvellous, it turned out that the dog had accidentally been separated from his master late in the evening, and had been seen running here and there in search of him, and howling at the door of the stable where he put up his horse and other places which he often visited in Worthing. It happened, also, that his master had been in the habit of visiting the particular house where the young lady had died, which at once accounted for the apparent mystery. In the same way, indeed, other similar in-

stances of this superstition might easily be cleared up, if only properly investigated at the time. An intelligent Londoner, however, told Mr. Kelly that he had often listened to the howling of the dog, and verified the fulfilment of this infallible omen. The dog's mode of proceeding on such occasions is generally this. The animal tries to get under the doomed person's window; but if the house stands within an enclosure, and it cannot find its way in, it will run round the premises or pace up and down before them. If it at last succeeds in making an entry, it will stop under the window, howl horribly, finish with three tremendous barks, and then hurry away. This performance is ascribed by some to the dog's keen sense of the odor of approaching mortal dissolution; whereas, others affirm that this animal can see the spirits which hover around the house of sickness ready at the moment of death to bear away the soul of the departed one. Thus, in the *Odyssey*, the dogs of Eumæus are represented as terrified at the sight of Minerva, although she was then invisible to Telemachus. In both German and Aryan mythology the dog is said to see ghosts; and whenever Hela, the goddess of death, walks abroad invisible to human eyes, she is seen by dogs. In Wales it is thought that horses have also the gift of seeing spectres. Carriage-horses have been known, says Mr. Sikes, to display every sign of the utmost terror, when the occupants of the carriage could see no cause for fright. Such an occurrence is said to be highly ominous, and to portend that a funeral will soon pass by that way, bearing to his resting-place some person not dead at the time of the horses' fright.

Very nearly allied to the superstition which recognizes a death-omen in the howling of a dog is that of the spectral hounds which are said to be occasionally heard and seen in different parts of England and Wales. They are generally invisible; but their fearful yelping as it is heard passing swiftly through the air, resembles the fierce and angry note of the bloodhound. They are supposed to be "evil spirits hunting the souls of the dead, or, by their diabolical yelping, to betoken the speedy death of some person." In the north they are called "the Gabriel hounds." Wordsworth, alluding to one form of this superstition, evidently connects it with the German legend of the Wild Huntsman. He narrates the history of a peasant, poor and aged, yet endowed

With ample sovereignty of eye and ear;  
 Rich were his walks with supernatural cheer.  
 He the Seven Birds hath seen that never part,  
 Seen the Seven Whistlers on their nightly  
 round,

And counted them! And oftentimes will start,  
 For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's hounds,  
 Doomed with their impious lord the flying  
 hart

To chase forever on aerial ground.

Mr. Henderson relates that a few years ago, when a child was burned to death at Sheffield, the neighbors immediately called to mind how the Gabriel hounds had passed above the house not long before. He also tells of a person who was hastily summoned one night to the sick-bed of a relative whose illness had suddenly assumed an alarming character. As he set out he heard the wild yelping of the creatures above his head; they accompanied him the whole way, about a mile, then paused, and yelped loudly over the house. He entered it, and found that the patient had just breathed her last. Mr. Holland, of Sheffield, describes in the following lines the superstition as it generally existed in Yorkshire:—

Oft have I heard my honored mother say  
 How she hath listened to the Gabriel hounds;  
 Those strange, unearthly, and mysterious  
 sounds,

Which on the ear through murkiest darkness  
 fell;

And how, entranced by superstitious spell,  
 The trembling villager not seldom heard,  
 In the quaint notes, of the nocturnal bird  
 Of death premonished, some sick neighbor's  
 knell.

I, too, remember once, at midnight dark,  
 How these sky-yelpers startled me, and stirred  
 My fancy so, I could have then averred  
 A mimic pack of beagles low did bark!  
 Nor wondered I that rustic fear should trace  
 A spectral huntsman doomed to that long  
 moonless chase.

In Lancashire these spectre hounds are locally termed "Gabriel ratchets," and are supposed to foretell death or misfortune to all who hear their sound. Kennett has a curious note on the subject. He says: "At Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, the colliers going to their pits early in the morning hear the noise of a pack of hounds in the air, to which they give the name of Gabriel's hounds, though the more sober and judicious take them only to be wild geese making this noise in their flight." We have here the solution of this popular superstition, for it is a well-ascertained fact that these spectre hounds are no other than numerous flocks of wild geese, or other large migratory

birds. Mr. Yarrell, the well-known ornithologist, writing in *Notes and Queries*, says that the species alluded to by Kennett is the bean goose, *Anser segetum* of authors. They are frequently very noisy when on the wing during night, and the sound has been compared to that of a pack of hounds in full cry. Reverting, however, once more to the Gabriel hounds: in Northamptonshire they go by the name of hell-hounds, and are regarded as ominous. The Devonshire tradition represents the "yeth-hounds" as the disembodied souls of unbaptized infants. They are sometimes called heath-hounds, heath and heather being both *yeth* in the north-Devon dialect. They were heard several years ago in the parish of St. Mary Tavy by an old man named Roger Burn. He was working in the fields, when he suddenly heard the baying of the hounds, the shouts and horn of the huntsman, and the smacking of his whip. This last point the old man quoted as at once settling the question: "How could I be mistaken? Why, I heard the very smacking of his whip." In Cornwall these mysterious hounds are known as the "devil and his dandy dogs;" and many wild and amusing stories are told respecting them, of which Mr. Couch, in his "Folk-lore of a Cornish Village," gives a specimen. A poor herdsman was journeying homeward across the moors one windy night, when he heard at a distance the baying of hounds, which he soon recognized as the dismal yelping of the dandy dogs. He was three or four miles distant from his house, and, much alarmed, he hurried onward as fast as the treacherous nature of the soil and the uncertainty of the path would allow; but, alas! the melancholy yelping of the hounds and the dismal shout of the hunter came nearer and nearer. After a considerable run, they had so gained upon him that he could not help looking round at them. The huntsman was terrible to behold: he was black, had large grey eyes, horns, tails, and carried in his clawed hand a long hunting-pole. The dogs, a numerous pack, blackened the moor as far as was visible, each snorting fire, and yelping in the most frightful manner. No cottage, rock, or tree was near to give the poor herdsman shelter, and in this hopeless plight nothing apparently remained to him but to surrender himself to their fury, when a happy thought suddenly flashed upon him and suggested a means of escape. He had heard that no evil spirit can resist the power of prayer. Just then, as the



hounds were about to rush upon him, he fell on his knees in prayer. Immediately, as if resistance had been offered, the hell-hounds stood at bay, howling more dismally than ever; and at the same time the hunter shouted, "Bo shrove," which means "The boy prays." At this crisis the dogs drew off on some other errand, and the herdsman was allowed to go on his journey in peace. In Wales these spectre hounds are considered an omen of death, and are termed *cwn annwn*, or dogs of hell. They are said to howl through the air with a voice frightfully disproportionate to their size; and one peculiarity belonging to them is that the nearer they approach any one the less loud their voice sounds, whereas the farther off they are the louder is their cry. They are in themselves harmless, and have never been known to commit any mischief. According to one tradition, they are the hell-hounds which hunt through the air the soul of the wicked man as soon as it quits the body—a trace of the Aryan mythology already alluded to.

Once more, there is a notion prevalent in many places that whenever a calamity is at hand, or in localities where some accident or evil deed may have occurred, a spectral dog appears. This is described as often larger than a Newfoundland, being shaggy and black, with large ears and tail. Its form, however, is so decided, and its look and movements are so thoroughly natural, that many, we are informed, have often mistaken it for a real dog. Thus, in Lancashire this spectre dog bears the name of "Trash," or "Striker." The former name is given to it from the peculiar noise made by its feet when passing along, resembling that of a heavy shoe in a miry road. The latter term is in allusion to the sound of its voice when heard by those persons who are unable to see the appearance itself. It does not haunt particular spots, but makes itself visible to warn people of the approaching death of some relative or friend. Should any one be so courageous as to follow this strange apparition, it retreats with its eyes fronting the pursuer and vanishes on the slightest momentary inattention. Some years ago an accident happened to a Cornish mine whereby several men lost their lives. As soon as help could be procured a party descended, when the remains of the poor fellows were found to be mutilated beyond recognition. On being brought up to the surface, the clothes and a mass of man-

gled flesh dropped from the bodies. A bystander, to spare the feelings of the relatives, hastily threw this unpleasant mass into the blazing furnace of an engine close at hand. Ever since that day the engine-man declared that troops of little black dogs continually haunted the place. In Cambridgeshire this apparition is known under the name of "Shuck;" and in the Isle of Man it is termed the "mauthe doog." In his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" this superstition is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott:—

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
Like him, of whom the story ran,  
Who spoke the spectre hound in Man.

Another belief, not at all uncommon, is that the spirits of wicked persons are punished by being doomed to wear for a long time the shape of a dog. Mr. Wirt Sikes relates an anecdote about a Rev. Mr. Hughes, a clergyman of the Church of England, in the Isle of Anglesea, the most popular preacher in the neighborhood in the last century. As he was going one night to preach, a spirit in the shape of a large greyhound jumped against him and threw him from his horse. The same thing happened another evening. The third time, therefore, he went on foot, and on approaching the haunted spot found that the spirit was chained. On questioning it the spirit replied that its unrest was due to a silver groat it had hidden under a stone when in the flesh, and which was the property of the Church of St. Elain. Many similar instances are found scattered here and there throughout the country, which are implicitly believed in by the peasantry, and not unfrequently have even deterred the wicked from the commission of crime.

Again, there is a belief that the spirit of a favorite dog which has died returns occasionally to visit its master and the haunts it frequented during life. "I was once informed by a servant," says Mrs. Latham, "whom I had desired to go down-stairs and try to stop the barking of a dog, which, I was afraid, would waken a sleeping invalid, that nothing would stop his noise, for she knew quite well, by his manner of barking, that the ghost of another dog was walking about the garden and terrifying him." This superstition varies in different localities, for in some it is said that the ghosts of dogs walk abroad unheard and unseen except by their own species; whereas in others they are distinctly visible to human beings. In days gone by it was customary to bury

a dog alive under the cornerstone of a church, that its ghost might haunt the churchyard and drive off any who would profane it, such as witches. Among the numerous other pieces of folk-lore associated with this friend of man may be mentioned one which ascribes to it fetichistic notions. Mr. Fiske cites the case of a Skye terrier who, being accustomed to obtain favors from his master by sitting on his haunches, was in the habit of sitting before his pet india-rubber ball, placed on the chimneypiece, "evidently," to quote his own words, "beseeching it to jump down and play with him." As, however, it has been justly pointed out, it is far more reasonable to suppose that a dog who had been day by day drilled into a belief that standing upon his hind legs was pleasing to his master—and who, in consequence, had accustomed himself to stand on his hind legs when he desired anything—may have stood up rather from force of habit and eagerness of desire than because it had any fetichistic notions, or expected the india-rubber ball to listen to its supplications. Mr. Fiske argues however that the behavior of the terrier rested rather upon the assumption that the ball was open to the same kind of entreaty which prevailed with the master—implying not that the dog accredited the ball with a soul, but that in its mind the distinction between life and inanimate existence had never been thoroughly realized. Another idea relating to the dog is that it possesses extraordinary quickness in discerning character. It is said that, whereas it avoids ill-tempered persons, it will generally follow any stranger, if he be of a kind and cheerful disposition. According to some, too, the life of a dog is closely connected with that of its master, and if the latter die, the former will soon do likewise. Among the Highlanders, even at the present day, great care is taken that dogs do not pass between a couple that are going to be married, as endless ill-luck is supposed to result from such an unfortunate occurrence. Formerly, too, in Scotland and in the north of England, it was reckoned so ominous for a dog to jump over a coffin, that the wretched animal was at once killed without mercy. Mr. Henderson relates how, as a funeral party were coming from a lonely house on a fell, carrying a coffin, as they were unable to procure a cart, they set it down to rest themselves, when a collie dog jumped over it. It was felt by all that the dog must instantly be killed before they proceeded any farther, and killed it was.

Before concluding our remarks on the many superstitions relating to the dog, we must not omit to mention briefly some of those connected with hydrophobia. There is a very common idea prevalent even among the educated classes, that a strong sympathy exists between the cause of an injury and the victim. Hence, in the case of any one being bitten by a dog not mad, it is said that it should be killed at once, as this alone can insure the person's safety; otherwise, should the dog hereafter go mad, even years hence, he would be attacked with hydrophobia. The following extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* for October 12, 1866, illustrates a singular remedy for hydrophobia until quite recently practised in Buckinghamshire: "At an inquest held on the body of a child which had died of hydrophobia, evidence was given of a practice almost incredible in civilized England. Sarah Mackness stated that, at the request of the mother of the deceased, she had fished the body of the dog by which the child had been bitten out of the river, and had extracted its liver, a slice of which she had frizzled before the fire, and had then given it to the child, to be eaten with some bread. The child ate the liver greedily, drank some tea afterwards, and then died in spite of this strange specific." A similar superstition prevails in Sussex. In an old manuscript receipt-book of cookery, quoted by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, the following charm occurs for the bite of a mad dog:—

To be written on an apple, or on fine white bread:

O King of Glory, come in peace,  
Pax, Max and Max,  
Hax, Max, Adinax, opera chudor.

To be swallowed three mornings fasting.

In one of Cervantes' *novelas*, "*La Gitanilla*," we read of a young man who, on approaching a gipsy camp by night, was attacked and bitten by dogs. An old gipsy woman undertook to cure his wounds, and her procedure was thus. She took some of the dog's hairs and fried them in oil; and, having first washed with wine the bites the man had in his left leg, put the hairs and oil over them. She then bound up the wounds with clean cloths and made the sign of the cross over them. This superstition, which is still found in our own country, is an instance of the ancient homœopathic doctrine, that what hurts will also cure. It is mentioned in the Scandinavian Edda: "Dog's hair heals dog's bite."

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

From The Spectator.

## MR. BRUDENELL CARTER ON SHORT SIGHT.

MR. BRUDENELL CARTER in his recent book on "Eyesight,"\* puts forward some opinions on short sight and weak sight which are worth record, and which, if not new to oculists, will, we believe, be new to many of our readers. No idea about eyesight is so universal, or causes so much inconvenience, as the one about the danger of taxing it by fine work, by strain, as it is called, and close attention to very small objects. Most men, and almost all women, even in the educated classes, think that much reading or writing "tries" the eyes, and that "fine work," particularly fine needlework, is apt to induce, if not total blindness, at least some direct and painful affection of the eye. In thousands of households children are cautioned not to read so much or work so much, lest they should injure their eyes, and women constantly shrink from paying employments from the same latent or expressed fear. Mr. Brudenell Carter evidently does not believe this terror well founded. He doubts whether eyes in their normal condition, or raised to their normal condition by proper spectacles, are injured by exercising sight at all. The muscles which control the eye certainly are not, and there is no proof that any other part of the apparatus is. On the contrary, the class which of all others in the kingdom most strains its eyes is singularly and exceptionally free from eye-disease. Mr. Carter says: "Remarkable evidence of the harmlessness of continuous working by the aid of a single convex glass is furnished by watchmakers, among whom such work is an unavoidable condition of their calling, and who appear to me to enjoy an enviable immunity from eye-diseases. It is exceedingly uncommon to see a working watchmaker among the patients of the ophthalmic department of a hospital; and I entertain little doubt that the habitual exercise of the eye upon fine work tends to the development and to the preservation of its powers." Grant, what is very probable, that the watchmakers are picked men, with exceptionally good eyes, and still their exemption from suffering under such a strain serves to show that fine work, work requiring painful attention of

the eye, does the organ no harm, while it also shows that an eyeglass does the eye which is less frequently used no perceptible injury. It is supposed popularly to decrease the sight in the other eye, but experience lends no support to that notion. The reason of the watchmaker's exemption clearly is that he takes care always to work in a good light, carefully arranged and moderated, so as neither to tire the eye nor to leave it insufficiently supplied. Long hours of work by artificial light of course tire the sight, and long hours in badly ventilated rooms may seriously increase a predisposition to weakness of the eyes; but the evil is not in the exercise of the faculty, but in its exercise under unhealthy conditions. One great cause of the prejudice is the evil produced by stooping the head, as in writing for long periods at a flat table, which, in people with a tendency to short sight, surcharges the veins of the eye with blood; and another is the remarkable habit of people with that tendency, of contenting themselves with insufficient light. They can read, for reasons carefully explained by Mr. Carter, by firelight and in twilight and with insufficient candles, and consequently they do it, and then lay the blame on the reading, or on the small print, or on the white paper, all of which are innocent. They are suffering either from the effect of strained visual attention in bad light, or from the effect of overwork on the brain, and not from using their eyes. We believe this opinion of Mr. Carter's will give comfort to thousands, and can offer at least one illustration of its exact truth. The writer has worn spectacles for thirty-three years, and during that time has probably not passed twenty days without reading or writing for at least eight hours. He uses strong glasses, and takes no precaution whatever, except to avoid work, even for a few minutes, in insufficient light or in a room too hot for his eyes; and his sight, after that long period, is exactly as good as it was before, with the exception that, as years advance, exceptionally fine print becomes a little tiresome. He would dislike to pore for an hour over Mr. Bellows's French Dictionary, though he can read it in all its types. The whiteness of the paper is not painful, nor are the letters indistinct. It is the health, not the eyesight, which parents with studious children should protect, though they should be most merciful in insisting on a sufficiency of light, and light which actually reaches the object of attention. You may sit in a room

\* *Eyesight: Good and Bad. A Treatise on the Exercise and Preservation of Vision.* By Robert Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

full of light, but have all the while only twilight, or even a deep shadow, falling upon the work in hand. Light, full light, but light without glare, is the grand preservative of the eyes.

The next preservative, Mr. Carter says, is the habitual use of proper spectacles. The curious notion, once, we believe, general in all classes, and still almost universal among the poor, that glasses wear out the eyes, is, he believes, a mere delusion. They preserve the eyes. Bad glasses or unsuitable glasses, of course, produce great fatigue of the eyes, though that fatigue is not so injurious as is supposed; but glasses of themselves, even when a little too "strong," do no permanent harm whatever. "A popular, but entirely unfounded, prejudice, which exists amongst the public with regard to the hurtful effects of wearing convex glasses which are too strong, appears to be traceable to an error founded upon a curious coincidence. There is a disease of the eye termed glaucoma, which formerly ended in complete and irremediable blindness, but which, for twenty years past, has been cured by operation, when recognized sufficiently early. One of the first or even of the premonitory symptoms of glaucoma is a rapid failure of the accommodation, and hence a frequent demand for stronger and stronger glasses. At a time when this disease was very imperfectly understood, opticians saw many examples of people who came to them for stronger glasses every two or three months, who were helped by them for a time, but who soon became totally blind; and it was not unnatural for them to associate the blindness with the use of the strong glasses." Good pebble spectacles, carefully suited to the sight, may be worn perpetually, as if they were part of the anatomy of the body, and will produce no ill-effects upon the sight of any sort. They rather strengthen it, by the immense relief they afford to the six muscles which regulate the eye, and which in short-sighted people and people with old sight are apt, without spectacles, gradually to get strained, in the effort to enable the owner to see. It is, of course, important to obtain the right glasses, so important that it would pay even poor men to find a guinea for a competent oculist once or twice in the course of a lifetime, merely to obtain an order for the spectacles exactly suited to their sight; but once obtained, the glasses may be worn forever, and indeed are most beneficial when permanently worn. They

should, as it were, grow to be part of the face. Mr. Carter, however, pushes his theory rather far, when he applies it so strongly to children as he seems to us inclined to do. He is evidently of opinion that children with "myopic" or short-sighted eyes cannot wear spectacles too soon, not only because the glasses arrest the development of the malformation — for it is a malformation, an elongation of the eyeball — but because they lose such an enormous amount of instruction through the eye, and grow up, as it were, comparatively inexperienced. "A distinguished man of science, who is myopic in a high degree, and who did not receive glasses until he was nineteen or twenty years old, has often told me how much he had to do in order to place himself upon the same level, with regard to experience of quite common things, with many of his normal-sighted contemporaries; and it will be manifest on reflection that the matters which are lost by the short-sighted, as by the partially deaf, make up a very large proportion of the pleasures of existence. . . . I once prescribed glasses to correct the myopia of a lady who had for many years been engaged in teaching, and who had never previously worn them. Her first exclamation of pleasurable surprise, as she put on her spectacles and looked around her, was a curious commentary on the state in which her life had until then been passed. She said, 'Why! I shall be able to see the faces of the children!'" All that is very true, and spectacles in childhood might benefit the eyes — and we suppose do, for we begin to see them worn by children with ever-increasing frequency — but Mr. Carter's opinion is that of a man who, as he mentions, has very good sight himself, and never wore spectacles of any sort. Spectacles, he may depend on it, if healthy for children's eyes, are unhealthy for the rest of their bodies. They diminish the desire for activity too much. A squirrel in spectacles would never get a dinner. A child cannot jump easily in spectacles, and if he wears them restrains himself too much; while he acquires rapidly that sense of possible danger to the eyes from a fracture of the glass, which no one who wears spectacles is ever quite without, which in fact becomes an instinct, like the winking of the eyelid. A blow from a ball, or a stick, or a hand, which would hardly injure the face of an ordinary child, may mean for one who is wearing spectacles death by torture. There is an instinctive sense of that in most spectacle-

wearers, which diminishes unconsciously their activity, and which would be most injurious to children, who ought to be always in motion, without thought of possible consequences. Of course, in serious cases the danger of sedateness must be risked; but in ordinary cases we suspect it is better to leave things alone, and to take to spectacles only when childhood is fairly past.

As we are writing upon spectacles, we may be permitted to ask a question. Would it be wholly beneath the dignity of some great oculist to give a thorough study to the question of the mechanism of spectacle-frames? It is very far from perfect now. The bridge is a great deal too liable to get bent, producing the most distressing confusion, one eye seeing through the centre of the glass, and one not; there can be no sound reason for rims of any sort, and they are a positive interruption to sight; and the whole plan of making the arms is barbarous. The frames should not be made in hundreds, but to fit each face, and the sides constructed in some way which will make them far less mobile. At present they will not stick on well without double arms, they require adjustment every few minutes, and their joints are perpetually getting loose. Spectacles without rims, with some better contrivance for the bridge, and so closely fitted as to require infrequent adjustment, would, we are convinced, prove a fortune to the inventor, and carry the name of the lucky oculist far and wide.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### A RUSSIAN ICE HOUSE.

WE have received the following description of an ice house from a gentleman resident in Moscow: he says:—

The pleasure-seekers of Moscow have this year been gratified by a spectacle which, for novelty at least, has not been surpassed by anything they have witnessed for a long time. This spectacle is a house built entirely of ice. It is a copy of the one the empress Anna Ivanovna constructed in St. Petersburg on the river Neva, and the plans and description of which are kept in the archives of Moscow. From these papers, the enterprising managers of the Zoological Gardens here have obtained the details necessary for constructing a miniature copy of the

imperial ice palace. The cost of erection has amounted to three thousand roubles, or at the present rate of exchange, a little above three hundred pounds sterling; but this has already been more than covered, as the first six days of the exhibition brought in something like eight thousand roubles. The appearance of this structure is most attractive in the evening, when lit up with electric and Bengal lights. It is built on the pond of the Zoological Gardens, and occupies about fifty feet square, including the space inclosed by the ice-railing. Entrance inside is prohibited, owing, no doubt, in great measure to the damage the steps would suffer from the visitors continually passing up and down. The house itself is about twelve feet high, with a roof some nine feet higher. It is built in the form of a parallelogram; and with all due respect to the empress Anna and to the authorities of the gardens, reminds one more of a barn than anything else. This, however, is only an accident of shape. Looking at it when illuminated by electricity, the sight is one well worth seeing. The ice in front is of the purest, and glitters with almost dazzling brightness, and where a corner catches the light, the onlooker might imagine that it was set with precious stones. One end of the house is built of alternate pieces of dark and clear ice—a combination which, whether brought about intentionally or not, produces a very good effect, and irresistibly reminds one of a chess-board. Both at the front and back, there is a doorway in the centre of the house, and on each side three windows. Round each of these is a cornice, and between the windows plain, flat columns without any capitals. These, with a large shallow shell over the doorway, and a balustrade running along the edge of the roof, are the only attempts at decorating the building itself. About half-a-dozen steps lead up to the doorway in front. At the foot of these, on blocks of ice, repose two dolphins, one on each side; they in their turn are flanked each by a mortar, and at each extremity are two cannon—all of ice. To complete the building, two chimneys grace the roof. In front of the house and a little to the side are two ice lodges, in the form of square towers. The execution of the work is worthy of all praise. The preparation of the window-panes, made to resemble plate-glass, is said to have given some trouble, as it was first necessary to get blocks of ice of a suitable size, and then, by means of hot irons,



to reduce them to the proper thickness—about a quarter of an inch. They have the appearance of frosted glass. The preparation of the other parts, though easier, has required great care; the bestowal of which, however, has been repaid to those on whom fell the responsibility of the work, by the consciousness of having performed their task well, and by the general pleasure afforded to the public. On Saturday the 14th of February the Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander I., visited the gardens to inspect the ice house.

Perhaps some who read this may feel inclined to make a similar experiment on

a small scale. How far it is practicable in Scotland or England, is another question; but I may mention another icy production which it would be worth trying to make—pictures in ice. Take a block of ice, smooth the surface, and paint some scene on it. The paint will soon dry; and then water should be poured over it until the block is some inches thicker. A friend of mine a short time ago saw a specimen of this, and declares the effect was very good. He at first thought the picture was on the outside; and it was only after examining it more closely that he found out his mistake.

**THE POWER OF "GOOD SPIRITS."**—With the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using that term in a modern sense and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enmities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick room this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristics remained! This power of "good spirits" is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of "good spirits." They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospect that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly

short-sighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripples who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that any one can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of "good spirits."

Lancet.

**ÆSTHETIC CHARM OF A LONDON FOG.**—The London fog has, I am aware, been misjudged by foreigners, like other English institutions. To me it is as a poetic halo, investing the mighty city with a peculiar charm. I speak not here of the simple utilitarian sense of comfort to which it sometimes ministers. When I sit down with lighted candles and cheerful firelight on a yellow London morning, I bless the useful fog—as the "conscious swains" blessed the Homeric moonshine—wrap myself in the sense of charmed isolation, and sympathize with the eel who buries himself in the mysterious darkness of mud and water at the bottom of some sullen stream. But here I would only dwell upon the more distinctly æsthetic charm of our peculiar atmosphere. Some people talk as though pitiless sunshine and cloudless skies were an essential condition of landscape beauty. They have not yet discovered that the whole poetry of a landscape depends upon its atmospheric drapery. The dead earth is informed with life by the varying lights and shades; all that is dramatic and vital in scenery, all that the poet sees and that is not seen by the land surveyor, depends upon the shifting effects of vapor and cloud. The very definition of life includes change; and without the ceaseless interchange of gloom and brilliancy, with the infinite gradations of luminous intershades, the world would be as dead as the moon, and the landscape might be fitly represented by a colored diagram.

Cornhill Magazine.